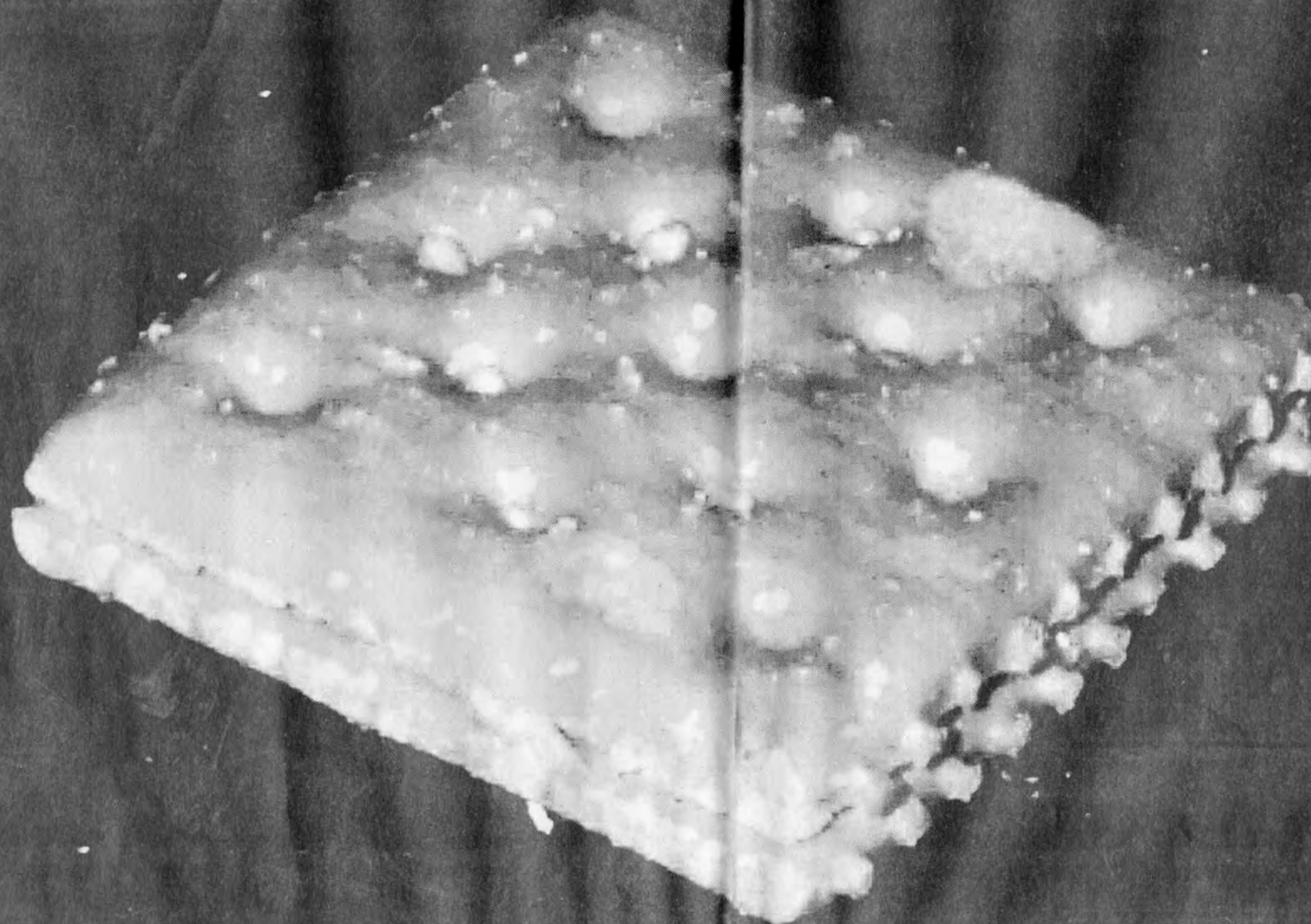


Observer

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A Real Artist in Residence

Local family takes their decorations to the next level.

by Jacob Cottingham

In these cynical times, it seems as though abstractions like "the holiday spirit" are merely part of another ad jingle and not something one encounters often in day-to-day life - unless of course your days lead you past Kidd Lane and the beaming colors emanating 10,000 watts of holiday spirit from the Coons family's yard.

With nearly every Christmas decoration known to the Hudson Valley, the Coons have made their house, shed, and lawn into a Christmas spectacular that does more to slow drivers on Kidd lane than the Sheriff. The setup includes brilliantly lit wire frames in all manner of shapes, from bells to Mickey Mouse. The yard also contains a life-size animatronic dancing Santa, changing spotlight projections of Christmas images onto the side of the house; a small train track; and a nativity scene equipped with a programmable LED strip that plays music. For three years I've lived on Montgomery St. and have had the opportunity to see the slow process of setting up and taking down the most impressive light display this side of Pink Floyd.

The Coons family includes Joann, Joseph Sr., Joseph Jr., Catherine and Charissa. I baked some cookies in Christmas shapes, and brought them over to discuss the lights with Joann, who guides each years final display. The tradition of lights began in 1988, with only two pieces of seasonal decorations. Within the last ten years, the decorations have taken a turn towards a more grand scale. This year, preparation began in October, although in years past the first lights have come up as early as September. The traditional day of lighting is

the day after Thanksgiving, and aside from an LED announcement blinking over the manger, there is little ceremony to the event. This may be due to the exhaustive nature of this work in such weather. Joann told me that this year the decorations weren't fully in place until the day of the lighting. The decorations go down as soon as possible once Christmas has passed, but it depends mostly upon the weather.

When the holidays roll around, and the Coons are able to play their part in adding some cheer to the bustle of Christmas and it's well worth the trouble. Joanna works at a nursing home where the retirees take an annual trip to see her lawn of lights and bask in its enthusiastic glow. The



real reward of the project for Joann is simply, "making someone else interested in Christmas ... it's our holiday spirit."

When I asked about the arrangement of the decorations, Joann said it was laid out "on the spur of the moment." As we discussed the lights further, it became apparent that Joann was just as much a folk and installation artist as anyone you read about in books. She has a collection of pictures from previous years, and says her main creative concern with the design is trying to avoid recycling their layout from the previous year. It is a collaborative and somewhat thought out process. Joann said that the family comes up with new ways to set out the decorations every year, but by the time approaches they just move things spontaneously. Her style evolves with the new pieces she incorporates into the design; this year's additions include a Santa Claus and some bells on the roof. She also cruises the area every holiday season, scouting out the local set-ups and gathering ideas about what is being done with the decorating crowd.

Joann has been interviewed several times in the last couple years, and for several years their house has made the Kingston Freeman's list of Christmas displays to see. The Coons have appeared on a public access show and have also won a few of the Tivoli Decorating Contests which the town used to sponsor. Joann also has advice for would-be decorators. Don't just put up one string of lights, "none or a lot - you've got to cover the whole tree, and that takes a couple strings." She is a believer in more color in lights, saying "white lights are ok..."

What could possibly impress the most decorated of decorators? Sounding like the Terrell Owens of Christmas decorations she answers, "Something I haven't done myself." So forget about those posers on 9G with the wire frame lights, and be sure to drive by Kidd Lane before you leave for break. It is truly something you can't find anywhere else.



"Bardge" Looks to Set Sail

Work has already started on the craft of trash.

by Jamie Newman

AFTER A FULL YEAR fixated on space travel, Bardians have embarked on another journey of epic proportions; although their success has yet to determine how epic it will actually be. The "Bardge" is a new project that will attempt to enter Bard yet again into the annals of collegiate transport. The club, armed only with two hundred and fifty Bard budget bucks and a dream, has set out to float down the treacherous Hudson River to New York Harbor. However the vessel that they will use to attempt this feat will be handmade by students, and their materials found mostly in dumpsters with the exception of items such as plywood and caulk. The Bardge is being built by Captain Dane Klinger, John Hambley and a few other dedicated craftsmen who have claimed to have engineering experience. The ship has not yet been given a formal name due to the fact that, historically, a captain's first craft is to be named after his wife and the second after his mistress. However, Mr. Klinger has begun his search for a lifelong companion, or at least someone who he can stomach until the annulment.

The Bardge members meet every week in the garage next to the Woods Studio to work on the vessel and discuss proper seamanship. Optimism is high in the Bardge organization and a tentative date of departure has been set for the final day of the spring semester. While there are five seats already filled for the pleasure cruise down the Hudson, there is still an opening for any student who can prove their worth by completing a series of physical challenges. Bardge sources say that the only legal constraints are mostly administrative. The group will have to submit the design specification to Washington in order to get a registration number for the hull. Provided the ship is seaworthy enough to float off the shore in the preliminary test to be conducted the day of the launch, the group has vowed to throw a christening party before departing for New York Harbor. Although the Hudson River has some of the most unique currents of any river, the crew believes that their craft will be able to float the river. The boat is set to have a thirty-foot mast equipped with a real sail that will hopefully provide enough propulsion to overcome the crazy currents. They are determined to get down to New York City the hard way and they should be commended for their courage, or at least their chutzpa.

Cap'n Dane told the Observer, "the trip should take three days, um, okay maybe about 6 days or even 9 days depending on weather conditions." Despite his obvious partiality for factors of three, Cap'n Dane did not address the actual question of the ship's buoyancy. "It's a hit or miss," he said commenting on the fact that the preliminary testing of the craft will be the same day as the launch. If the Bardge sinks it was not meant to be. Yet, regardless of the outcome, the project is yet another testament to the boundless imagination of the more motivated Bard students. If they succeed they might be the first people to travel down the Hudson craft since people churned their own butter. "It's a historical voyage" as Cap'n Dane told the Observer. In a time where old things are cool, the Bardge is going on an ultra-retro adventure.



Mock-up of the vessel's hull.

Dream,

Screw Dream,

Freud, this

is the Dreamhotline.

Dream

by Kate Waters

Has the Big Friendly Giant come to Bard? Yes! In the form of Kate Hartman, the dream collector mastermind responsible for The Dream Hotline operation. Kate's senior project is to collect a thousand dreams by December 31, and to that end she has provided an email address and website (www.the-dreamhotline.com, dreamhotline@mail.com), a 24-hour hotline (845-752-4810), a Dream Drive in the Campus Center on December 12, and the opportunity to spill about your secret unconscious. The approximately 500 dreams she has collected so far consist of spider nightmares, meteor showers, other people's mothers, and all the other quirky nighttime thoughts that float around Bard.

Kate's experience with dream imagery in a sampling video class gave her the idea to delve deeper into the dream world. "I wanted to take a closer look at dreams after I used them in class, and as a film major I wanted to use my own and other people's dreams in a final film project," she said.

Her goal is to create a file of a thousand dreams with which to apply her own observations and critical analysis. She does not intend to interpret these dreams in the typical fashion: "I have been looking at scientific and psycho-analytical readings, but I want to make my own observations and create fresh theories with the information I collect."

Kate is being helped by her advisor, Jackie Goss, and also from Dream Hotline representatives who are part of a network holding interviews and recordings to collect Bardian, and now non-Bardian dreams. As news about her project spreads, non-Bard affiliated communities and people have also been willing to take the couch and contribute to Kate's project by sharing their dreams. She encourages everyone to keep the dreams coming, and says people's willingness to talk about dreams is what motivated her to undertake the project.

So in the end, will we ever know about the dark regions of Kate's imagination?

"I'm trying to not talk about my treatment of them until all the dreams are collected so as not to influence the collection process."

In the Company of the Lonely

An encounter with bar culture.

by **Laura M. Bermudez**

A Bar, Pub, Saloon, Tavern, centuries before prohibition, has been a place that provided company for the lonely, where everybody knows your name and the bartender greets you with a smile when you walk in. This was a place to relax, unwind, and take the edge off. Some might say it is just gratification for the forlorn, the dependent. A bar is a temple.

In college towns the weekend starts on Thursday when the students pre-game in their dorm rooms and grab their fake ID's, hitting the bars by eleven with empty wallets. I'm there without a doubt, and so is Farrah, a frequent customer at the Creek. As I pull my fake Texas ID from my wallet she buys a drink with ease. Thirty years my senior, Farrah sits with beer in hand admiring the youthful bodies that move gracefully until the alcohol leads them to belligerence in Daddy's blazer and Mom's vintage pumps. So sleek. Farrah smiles at everyone. Even the girls with their parents' credit card who push her aside to order a bottle of Champagne; the girls hoping to be treated like a bottle of VSOP at the end of the night by someone. Anyone. Farrah is a VSOP.

She gazes at these girls, eyes wide open, her smile never faltering. Perhaps she's thinking about the price of a drink, complaining about it with a

manager introduced me to someone "important". His name was Ray. "He's going to make your life hell," he said, pointing at this fellow sitting at the bar. Ray looked at me. Sized me up it seemed. Visions of violent robberies flashed before my eyes with the thought that I would be tending this bar all by my self.

I open the bar at noon, since my first day Ray's outside 11 am. I don't know if he is my guardian angel or just a drunk. I think he's both. "I've killed a man before and I'm not afraid to do it again", Ray shouts at anyone who bothers me, standing up from his bar stool at a good 6 feet 8 inches. He's scary but he makes me feel safe. So long as I get his next Budweiser by the time his last one hits the bar, he's got his eye out for me, just another one of those unspoken policies, like bar etiquette, it goes along with the whole culture. A culture the insists on timing the delivery of a drink, pouring a Guinness just right, efficiency and modesty when accepting tips. True culture, a lifestyle, a cross between the Billy Joel's Piano Man and "Cheers", a whole culture I was just learning. A culture that centers around people like Farrah and Ray, the dejected.

I've got a motley crew of regulars over at Puffy's, the very Italian Jimmy C., Bix, a Vietnam vet with a voice box, and Ray, an ex pitcher for the Brooklyn Dodgers who won't ever talk

about his baseball days. All union workers, Local 41 and 62, these men are content with a bar stool and me; as long as I follow the rules, the bar protocols, it is a must that I know what all the regulars drink and how. Its Budweiser's all around; Bix in a bottle, Ray with a shot of Cuervo, no lime, and

Jimmy C., only out of a mug. Like a champion. They ask me my "story" because "everyone's got a story". I give them my college student shtick; I work to live; I'm an orphan. I ask them their story. They tell me their drunk.

Alcoholism: is it a disease or just a standard of living? Jobs with excellent benefits and pays 80 bucks an hour, these men know union work is physically taxing, but they don't mind, as they say "what else would I be doing, God gave me my hands, use 'em." They chat about how much money they make whenever they find work, and then turn to me, with a Hamilton "for your college fund." They explain how they have nothing better to spend their money on. They don't have kids, and if they do, they no longer speak, these men remain in the same rent controlled apartment with a huge bank account with nothing to spend it on. If you don't have to buy a suit for work you might as well find a good habit to spend your money. Bix told me that one, laughing at Ray's addiction to scratch off tickets and beer. Bix covers the hole in his neck to speak, it comes out scratchy, muffled like he's talking through a motor; "when ya gonna give that up Ray?" Ray doesn't move or look away from the beer, "why should I." As a substitute for companionship, my patrons hold their bottles tight. They give me a tip in exchange for a few ping-pong sentences. I never argue with them, just nod, and smile. I always agree. That's what I'm there for. I listen. Instant gratification with a drink and conversation. I get complimented on my bar tending, not the drink pouring or my special spicy Bloody Mary's, but my ability to keep my mouth shut while I do it. Of course the patrons don't say that, but they show it. A bar provides a forum for those who have no one, and I am the host. These men have no one else to talk to, like Farrah they latch on to those

If you don't have to buy
a suit for work you
might as well find a
good habit to spend
your money on.

smirk, shelling out the cash she says she doesn't have. Or perhaps she thinks about her 14-year-old son who will be hitting the bars college-style in a few years. She must have a story. Everyone has a story. As the coeds jump to order, Farrah does her best to capture their eyes, with anticipation for a conversation. Most of them roll their own eyes turning to their friend with an "ohmigod, who is that sketchy old lady at the bar?" Others give her a chance. I did. I found myself pouring my life before her, as she pushed her drink aside to make room for my troubles. She just listened; all she wanted to do was listen. I assumed she was there for a drink, but she wasn't, she barely touched it as I threw back three. I took a breath and realized I had said a mouthful, embarrassed that I had laid all this trouble on a woman I had never met before. I apologized for my tangent as she shook her head. "Thank you," she said, "that was marvelous."

In their inception, Bars and saloons were a comfort zone for sailors and fraternal men; but as with anything that involves money the attraction to commerce turned a dive into a lucrative business opportunity. A business that established its own order of things. House rules. You get drunk, spend money, and wake up with a headache. A hangover is a punch line, measuring the previous evening. You go back to the bar. I needed a job the summer after my freshman year, so I walked into every establishment I could asking if they were hiring. At Puffy's Tavern in TriBeCa I landed a job on the spot in what seemed to be a multicultural version of the place where everybody know your name. This tavern, more than a dive and less than a nightclub, was going to show me side of life I was never exposed to, introduce me to a whole culture I never knew about.

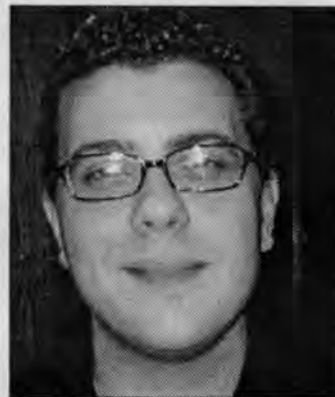
I tried to stand tall as all the patrons turned and looked at me, the

MOM to Throw Future Parties

Posts filled for Entertainment Committee and EPC.

by **Dumaine Williams**

This week, the Student Association held the annual elections for the Film Committee and Entertainment Committee. Only one Statement of Purpose was submitted for the Film Committee. Subsequently, that group won by default. The group consists of Amy Voorhees Searles (Chair), Kim Pereira, Sarah Porter, Vanessa Baker, and Katie Weeks. Many of the members, including the Chair, are members of the current Film Committee.



Joe Vallese: Talk to this face about Language & Lit.

The elections for the Entertainment Committee were much more exciting.

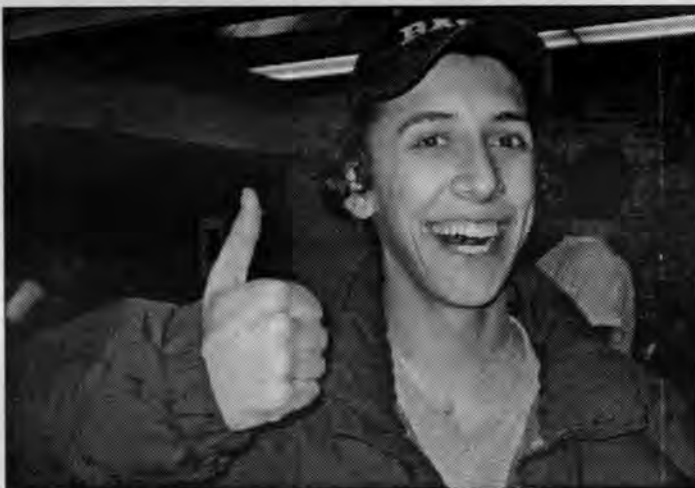
Members of the current Entertainment Committee chose not to vie for a second year in the position. However two new groups ran in the election. One group, chaired by Boris Izrayelit, referred to themselves (in their Statement of Purpose) as "gifted music lovers." In the Statement they stressed bringing a variety of musical acts to campus, as well as providing "FUN AND PARTIES AND MORE FUN AND MORE PARTIES!" Their wish list for bands to bring to campus included names like THE SLIP, THE MOONEY SUZUKI and THE MICROPHONES. The other members of the group are Annie Maribona, Mike Marcelle, Chris Famighetti, Ryan Muller, and Tim Abbondelo.

Your second choice for the next Entertainment Committee was MOM- Music Over Matter. The members of MOM are Max Zbiral-Teller (Chair), Kell Condon, Tom Schell, Ethan Johnson, Freya Powell and Benedikt Bassauer. This group's Statement of Purpose also promised that they would cover varied styles of music, and they added that they planned on working closely with Allen Josey and collaborating with other student organizations. Their Statement claims that they have "years of professional work and experience in New York City and Chicago." And, even though this group consists entirely of Freshmen, members have already worked on organizing three shows this semester (the Fuck the Bullshit party, Eddie Shaw and the Wolfgang, and the Groove Collective show at the last Beers for Queers).

From Monday through Wednesday, Student Association officials staffed a voting booth in front of the Post Office, urging Bard students to vote. Some students were pretty excited about voting. Others needed more coaxing before approaching the table. Many knew exactly which group they wanted to vote for as soon as they came up to the table. Other students (mainly Upperclassmen) had to read each Statement of Purpose carefully before making a decision. In the end, the number of ballots that were collected was impressive as around 40% of the campus voted.

The ballots were counted (and recounted) and the results were announced Wednesday night at the Elections Forum held in Kline. It was announced that MOM had won the election with 296 votes. The group chaired by Boris Izrayelit received 210 votes. At the Elections Forum, elections were also held for some new representatives in the Educational Policies Committee (EPC). For the Languages and Literature Division, the new representatives are Joe Vallese and Sarah Goffman. Helen-Maurene Cooper also joins the EPC as a representative in the Social Sciences Division.

All elected officials will assume their respective responsibilities starting next semester. The new EPC representatives have one-semester commitments, while the Film Committee and Entertainment Committee have a two-semester commitment. Commenting



Max Zbiral-Teller, chair of the Entertainment Committee says "George Clinton, who?"

on plans for next semester, the new Entertainment Committee Chair, Max Zbiral-Teller said "I plan to work with clubs, Allen Josey and the kids from the group that didn't win to make a fun semester. Any student who has a band that they want to bring should just come talk to us." Apparently our MOM is going to take care of our need to party!

who give them a chance.

On a weeklong break, I went back to Puffy's to pick up a few shifts. Not for the company, for the extra money, or at least that's what I try to convince myself. My regulars were there. They brag about me to new customers, "She's just in college you know, hard worker, very smart", as if they were my parents, telling me I make them proud. They teach me valuable lessons I don't get with a Liberal Arts degree, and make me promises not to drop out. They depend on me to serve them drinks and listen to their useless comment on the weather or recent media tragedy. They have taught me that there are just some things you

do and some things you don't. You never take a tip until the patron has left or they hand it to you, I learned this the hard way. You give a "buy back", a freebie after their fourth drink. You don't work at another bar in the area; you are loyal to your bar. But most of all they teach me about company and solitude, how to reap the benefits of companionship. What it means to have a family that still loves me.

I don't want to end up alone, with a drink in my hand for the rest of my life, denting the same barstool. I had taken on a job as

Continued on page 5....

All Eyes on Iraq

The student anti-war movement may be shaping the war's timetable.

News Analysis

by Kelly Burdick

IN A RECENT CHICAGO TRIBUNE ARTICLE (22 November 2002: "Signs of the Times: Watch and wait as U.S. policy toward Iraq unfolds") staff reporter Mike Conklin quoted a hunch of Kent State Professor Jerry Lewis. Lewis, a sociology professor and a specialist in crowd control, believes that a war with Iraq will occur, if it happens at all, after December 15th when most college students leave campus for the holiday break. Professor Lewis says that then "the oval office won't have to put a spin on student protest demonstrations."

"There's a lot of sophistication about these sort of things. The administration is not dumb," says Lewis.

While Lewis' last assertion may not be entirely true, he seems to frame the current student protest movement in an interesting light, one that gives an enormous amount of credit to the student movement. It is possible that such thinking is an overstepping of reason—it may be that the Bush administration cares very little about the student movement. But if what Lewis says is true, then there is an enormous amount of responsibility for student protesters to continue presenting an intelligent critique of the current US rhetoric toward Iraq. A critique that must, it seems to me, continue to express the interconnectedness of US policies towards the Middle East. For the student protest movement to remain effective, students engaged with such a debate need to consider their positions and their plans for the coming months.

In thinking about opposing a possible war with Iraq, the student anti-war movement should not forget the international protest that is currently taking root, a protest that is being waged by both international leaders and dissidents alike. Many international leaders are becoming increasingly opposed to US heavy-handedness and its continued disrespect for the UN, a disrespect that has most recently shown itself through the interpretation of UN Resolution 1441. The ambiguities involved with Resolution 1441 could bring a legitimate legal challenge to a



pre-emptive strike on Iraq. Many, including ranking officials in the Turkish government, believe that the US must return to the UN Security Council before pursuing any military intervention. The US appears to be planning otherwise, and the Bush administration has repeatedly said that it does not plan to seek further approval from the UN Security Council if it finds Iraq to be willfully out of compliance with resolution 1441. US activists, and especially college students, should remember that protesting a war with Iraq relates to legal

issues, and respect for international processes, as much as it does with the moral opposition to an unjust war.

That a war with Iraq is becoming imminent is already becoming clear. For one, the Bush administration is already voicing official disapproval of Iraq's arms declaration, a 12,000-page document delivered less than a week ago. Adding to this is an announcement by the defense department this past Saturday that ordered 27,000 Reserve and National Guard troops to prepare for active duty. 250,000 troops were eventually called to duty during the Gulf War.

Considering all of this, Students interested in voicing an opposition to a war with Iraq should continue to seek out ways to participate in mass demonstrations and effectively communicate their positions. If a strike against Iraq is to occur during the holiday break, students should, presumably, seek-out vocal groups in their hometown or wherever they find themselves living.

Health Services Expands Staff

by Maren Keeley

The Student Health and Counseling Services thank the Bard community for their patience, tolerance, and good humor during the painting and flooring renovations this semester. The improved appearance is just one of the exciting changes that has been made to increase the quality of services. Now there are three offices, and the practitioners hope that this will allow for faster service and help for the students.

Recently Student Health Services has hired an additional nurse practitioner, Lisa Pearlman. Lisa received her bachelor's degree in biology from Oberlin College and pursued her graduate studies as a Family Nurse Practitioner at the Yale University School of Nursing. She is interested in developing and coordinating a student peer health education program that would deal with sexual education and other health matters. Although the planning for this is incomplete, any interested students should contact Lisa at Health Services, ext. 7433.

The addition of another nurse practitioner will help meet the student need for greater availability of health service appointments. The Health and Counseling Services have also added an evening clinic on Thursday from 4-8 pm for the spring semester in order to increase student access to the counselors.

The Student Health and Counseling Service hope that this increased availability will help fit the needs of the students. In addition, Health Services is very appreciative of the constructive suggestions that have helped to spur some of the renovations and welcomes more suggestions at any time. The practitioners hope that these renovations will benefit Bard in the coming semester, and they hope to have more student-assisted projects and programs in the future.

Shein-ing Justice

The Student Judiciary Board issues its sentences.

by Monica Elkinton

The Student Judiciary Board (SJB), made up of members of the Bard community, is charged by the Student Association Constitution to "enforce, protect, and preserve ... the rights of all Bard students." In practice, the SJB considers cases of student misconduct referred by other students or administrative offices such as the Dean of Students office (DOSO) or Residence Life. Any student may bring a case against another student to the SJB.

Student members of the SJB are usually elected at the spring Election Forum and serve two-semester terms. In addition to student members, a faculty representative, a staff representative, and the Dean of Students also serve as members of the SJB. All members undergo a training session before the fall semester begins.

Current members of the SJB are:

Monica Elkinton, Chair
Juliet Morrison
Saiful Islam
Phinn Markson
Jon Ames
Kim Villiers, Alternate
Chiara Issa, Alternate
Hap Tivey, Faculty Representative
Jennifer Jimenez, Staff Representative
David Shein, Dean of Students

SJB can be reached at sjbnews@bard.edu. To initiate a case, or for any other questions or for more information, contact the Chair at me573@bard.edu.

This semester, the SJB has had more cases than usual. Dave Shein, Acting Dean of Students, has three years experience on the SJB as the staff representative, so this semester he has been very supportive of the SJB's power. More than any of the Deans in recent history,

Shein has continuously referred cases to the SJB.

According to the Student Association Constitution, the SJB must make its decisions "publicly available". Since the Bard community is so small and close-knit, many cases are easily recognizable even with identifying details removed. Thus in an effort to make the cases more anonymous, the SJB publicizes all the semester's cases together at the end of each semester. Below, cases from Fall 2002 are listed with their corresponding sanctions imposed by the SJB. All violations were committed by students.

| Case | Sentence |
|---|--|
| Harassment and public disturbance by a club | Prior administrative approval of all future club events, public statement acknowledging that other campus organizations were not involved in the event, six hours of community service for each member involved. |
| Firing a BB gun on campus | Written investigation, including interviews with senior administrators, on why guns are banned at Bard. |
| Possession of a BB gun near a residence hall | Resource manual for use during PC training or L&T orientation on the dangers of gun possession on Bard campus. |
| Vandalism in a residence hall | Evaluation by Counseling Services, four hours of community service, resource manual for use during L&T orientation on adjustment to communal living, social probation. (This student's prior disciplinary record was taken into consideration in issuing these sanctions.) |
| Harassment and intimidation of an administrator | Evaluation by Counseling Services, written apology, social probation. |

Survey Results Are In...

by Elizabeth Daley

You guys really aren't as lazy as I had expected. 47% sometimes exercise! While some only exercise to "look at the skinny girls with eating disorders...the bathrooms smell funny," some...(actually only two of you) exercise every damn day. It also seems that most of you have escaped the explosive diarrhea YEAH RIGHT! One of you pretended to have explosive diarrhea to miss a class! That's lame, can't Bard students think of better lies to tell their teachers than ones provided by the Observer staff. Come on now! I feel like this was a particularly lame group of respondents. Majority of you haven't gotten it on in the library, though a lucky 24% of you had your noses in more than just books. You know those library staircases that only lead through one floor, the ones that are made of stone...anyway. One respondent whose screams of passion have not yet been hushed by Jane Gryshko writes: "Soon." While another was sad to say that not having sex in the library made her realize she was "not SARA FRANCIS".

Some of you (actually three of you) asked me to define hallucinogens and one of you oh so stupid people actually did define hallucinogens so for the benefit of the 3 morons here is what moron number four had to say: "Hallucinogens: Stuff that makes you hallucinate, from the Latin hallue (to hallucinate) and gas (cute boys)." One respondent decided to put the word in context: Hallucinogens: "If I had taken any, the giant hedgehog would have told me." As for Saved by the Bell, a whopping 39% of you blamed it's failure on the New Class, when really it was that leather jacket wearing lump of pathetic that has had bit parts on cheers as well. I always felt bad for this girl, she never quite found the right show. She was more of an Amy fisher/Jo from facts of life type than a Kelly Kapowsky. Anyway one respondent correctly pointed out that when Jessi got into caffeine the show hit an all time high. 16% of you got this question wrong and are idiots.

Ahh the holidays. Some students (11% of you) don't celebrate Christmas. One respondent writes: "I celebrate Kwanza...wait I celebrate Chané-n-ka no WAIT! I celebrate Amy's butt. As does Adam Fletcher. Amy is stupid!" Another respondent believes that the best thing about Christmas is that "we're Jews but we invite everybody to a Christmas eve party at our house and THEY COME!" In closing. "Eggnog is the best Nogg," and I am glad I found a school where bars of soap are freely given especially since ServiceMaster doesn't put soap on the third floor of Robbins.

PS one person wrote "soap for Christmas?! Never heard of such perversion." This same person writes that they have not had the explosive diarrhea yet....just you wait captain crusty just you wait.

You Better Recognize!



Picture not available



Rockin' Resident
Recipient: Adam Janos
Dorm: Keen North

Adam took it upon himself to fix a broken light in the Keen Kitchen and his handy dandy behavior has made his dorm a "brighter" place to be. Reportedly, moments after this magnificent repair job, he was kind enough to open the front door for a fellow Bard student and with respect to the other residents, made sure that this visitor made their way safely to the room they came to visit. Adam...you rock.

Community Cutie
Recipient: Jaqueline Moss
Dorm: Keen North

Jackie has played an active part in the Cruger Village Hall Council since the start of the semester. Her commitment to community building is a pleasure as she is consistently helping to get other members of the community involved. These actions are greatly appreciated, and not to mention...she's cute!

Tidy Tupperware Temptress
Recipient: Jennifer Keiser
Dorm: Shafer

When Shafer received a new refrigerator, the dorm was asked to clean out the old one before it could be moved by B&G. Unfortunately, the old fridge sat, broken hearted, as the food inside continued rotting. Jennifer took time to clean out the whole entire fridge, washing the interior, including all of the Tupperware and dishes. Now Shafer has a clean and tidy kitchen, thanks to Jen! Yum.

Foxy Fridge Filth Fighter
Recipient: Prudence Munkittrick
Dorm: Tremblay

An active and enthusiastic member of the dorm, Prudence took it upon herself to thoroughly clean out the refrigerator in Tremblay with a smile. She has also helped to organize community-building activities such as a "Fiesta Night" and other such themed events. Thank you Prudence for being such a foxy and fabulous resident!



Brought to you by the Resident Recognition Committee

Meditate on This.../Yoga and meditation workshop enlightens spirit and posture.

by Kate Waters

I fell out of bed on Sunday, December 8th for a Yoga and Meditation Workshop of the likes I have never experienced ever before. The positions I managed to contort myself into were truly surprising, and the stretches made it easier to take deeper breaths and release pre-exam, pre-registration, pre-final, pre-test, and pre-paper tension that had been affecting my motor skills for about a week.

I made my way to Olin auditorium and opened the door to the stage filled with people side by side on yoga mats, ready to be enlightened by the tag team of Khachyab Rinpoche and Jill Satterfield, guests of John Pettit and the Mellon Grant Fund.

John Pettit, religion professor at Bard and long time yoga and Buddhist practitioner, hosted and planned the event in connection to his classes "Buddhist Thought and Practice" and "Sacred Biography." Throughout the workshop, John translated into English the Tibetan Khachyab Rinpoche's Buddhist teachings.

The Rinpoche (a title of respect for a teacher, most closely meaning 'precious') is a seventh generation Llama born in Mustang, an ethnic Tibetan region of Nepal. He came to the United States and founded a Dharma Center in Madison Wisconsin where he plans to teach Buddhism for the next four years. Khachya Rinpoche also teaches in Montreal and New York State.

His accomplice was Jill Satterfield, a yoga teacher from New York City. Jill has practiced yoga for 20 years and taught for ten years. She has practiced Buddhism for 15 years. Under the instruction of Tibetan Llama Tsoknyi Rinpoche, Jill studied and taught in retreats in Nepal, Europe and the United States. Jill's yoga technique is from a Buddhist point of view, something fairly new as Buddhism and yoga have only recently integrated. In America, where yoga is available for all people to practice, this incorporated approach succeeds in making the mind-oriented philosophy of Buddhism grounded in the body. As John Pettit says,

"Practicing yoga becomes a useful technique for realizing enlightenment exists right here and now. It gets you out of your head and into your body."

The morning and afternoon were spent in meditation and practicing physical Hatha yoga. This type of yoga focuses on aligning the nervous system, helping the mind to relax. By straightening and balancing the body, the mind is believed to become more naturally positive as emotions are purified into peace, happiness and compassion. When we learn to move our bodies with our minds, instead of moving under habit, we gain control of our thoughts and maintain the body's healthy alignment. Jill Satterfield explains,

"Look at how you sit. Do you sit on the back of your pelvis? If you sit on the front of your pelvis you improve posture, you stay awake in class longer, you stop squashing your organs and align the pubic bone, the heart and the head, and thus balance your life between the three. Understand the structure of your body. Stand up straight, and to do this start by flattening your pelvic bone forward to make a base for good posture. Visualize building the tower of your spine out of building blocks one at a time. Release your breath, when you hold your breath your whole body contracts. Yoga is not about pain. Do not be in so much pain you start to do yoga with your face. If you start to do yoga with your face you need to change position."

After the yoga sessions, the Rinpoche and John answered questions from the forty Bard students attending the Workshop. In regards to the mind the Rinpoche had this to say,

"The mind is like taming the wild horse. It takes time and coercion. First you have to see the horse and recognize that which needs to be tamed. We have ways of taming horses in Tibet; you be nice to the horse and give it hay. If that does not work, you rub it down and do it the hard way."

Had the Rinpoche ever been to a rodeo?
"Yes, in Arizona. I have a cowboy hat too."

Observer Survey #3

1)How often do you go to the gym?

- a)Every damn day 5%
- b)What you talkin' bout Willis 47%
- c)Sometimes 47%

Did you get the explosive dearer going around campus?

- Y 21%
- N 79%

3) Have you ever had sex in the Library or other public Bard Spaces?

- Y 24%
- N 76%

4)Have you taken Hallucinogens this semester?

- Y 11%
- N 79%
- a)Define hallucinogens 6%

5)When did saved by the Bell Jump the Shark? * see JUMPTHESHARK.COM

- A)Never 8%
- b)When they brought in that leather jacket wearing chick 8%

- c)The new class 39%
- d)When they started trying to have morals as in when Jessie was on caffeine AAAA 16%
- e)Day one 13%

The best thing about Christmas is....

- a)The Joy (and the presents) 24%
- b)The Laughter (and the presents) 16%
- c)The family fights (and the presents) 21%
- d)That I don't celebrate it 11%
- d2)Those plaid pajamas that auntie always wears that have the butt buttons 8%
- e)none of the above 18%

The highest number of bars of soap you ever got for Christmas

- 1) None 50%
- 2) Five, my personal best— 5%
- 3) Three 26%
- 4) I couldn't even count 18%
- 5) NA 3%

Bar culture continued from pg. 3...

company for the lonely, I didn't want to become one.

It was a Saturday afternoon, the phone rings behind the bar. It's for Ray. Shortly after 9/11 the residents of TriBeCa experienced a surge of questioning in regards to Federal Aid, the distribution of reimbursements to the residents, retribution for their losses. It was literally compensation for a tragedy, as long as you had receipts to prove it. Free money, everybody wants some. Ray does. I hand him the phone. It's the September 11th fund. They could have called him at home, but they knew where he was; his real home, the Tavern. He gets off the phone and immediately shakes his head. "I get all this money and nothing to do with it". He gets up and goes across the street to the liquor store and comes back with what looks like about 60 dollars in lotto and scratch off tickets. He hands me a roll of them. "Here, see if you're a millionaire." I start scratching. "And when you do win, you better finish school before anything else. And don't forget who gave you the ticket. I'll still be here. Remember where you came from."

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Paging Dr. Jesus at the FDA

Recent Bush nominee fights PMS with prayer.

by **Jacqueline Moss**

News
Analysis

President Bush recently announced his nomination of Dr. W. David Hager to head the FDA's Reproductive Health Drugs Advisory Committee. Dr. Hager is a practicing obstetrician-gynecologist, and is said not to prescribe contraceptives to unmarried women. Dr. Hager is also the author of a book which suggests that women who suffer from premenstrual syndrome should seek help from reading the Bible and praying.

The nomination of Dr. Hager to the Reproductive Health Drugs Advisory Committee is disturbing not only because his personal religious beliefs seem to have a too large an influence over medical decisions, but because the Reproductive Health Drugs Advisory Committee is responsible for offering expert scientific and medical advice to the FDA about drugs used in obstetrics, gynecology, and related specialties.

"The committee's responsibilities include all contraceptive drugs and drugs used in performing medical abortion as well as drugs used for infertility treatments, hormone replacement therapy and labor and delivery. Women rely on the FDA to ensure their access to safe and effective drugs for reproductive health care including products that have been proven to help safely prevent pregnancy. For some women – such as those with certain types of diabetes and those undergoing treatment for cancer – pregnancy can be a life-threatening condition. Religion should not be a barrier to access to safe and effective drugs that are necessary for preserving and promoting women's health and protecting women's lives. There is no place at the FDA for someone who, based on religious beliefs, would deny unmarried women access to technologies which are a part of mainstream medical care and to which all women have a legal right." (National Women's Health Network)

Apparently, President Bush thinks that while the majority of citizens are busy worrying over Iraq, oil prices, and the economy, he can nominate a doctor obviously biased, in certain regard to an influential medical position in order to promote his Administration's conservative beliefs and make them national policy. To take action or voice your opinion, contact President Bush and tell him you oppose the nomination of Dr. Hager to Reproductive Health Drugs Advisory Committee. You can do so by emailing President Bush at president@whitehouse.gov or by calling the White House at 202-456-1111.

(The information for this article was taken from The National Women's Health Network at <http://www.womenshealthnetwork.org/urgentfda.htm>)

Olde English Gets Hot Debut

Bard's new sketch and improv group gets lots of laughs.

by **Jamie Newman**

BARD COLLEGE DOESN'T always seem like a place for humor, sometimes it almost seems like people actually go out of their way to act as though they are not having fun. Last Saturday, with the help of the Olde English Improv comedy group and uncle alcohol, a large number of Bard students actually managed to break the stoic veneer they work so hard to maintain. In their first public performance, the same people who helped make 4-Square a competitive sport at Bard, brought the MPR to its knees. Nothing is sacred when you're a comedy group at a college that encourages subversive thinking and the O.E. was well aware of this fact. Pushing the envelope

Swastiscats was a sketch that satirized marketing and entertainment executives.



with their off-color humor, the O.E. tapped into one of the only things that bonds most Bardians, making fun of the status quo. While there were a few awkward moments in the performance, when improvisation was beginning to take its toll, the actors helped the show along with good old self-deprecating humor. All in all, ye Olde English improv was funny and at times even very witty. The one unavoidable truth is that anyone able to make a large group of Bard students laugh at the same thing should be commended for their efforts. The O.E. seeped into the Bard bloodstream without having to be charcoal filtered like their malt counterpart. Shit was funny.

Wherefore Art Thou Grill Bar?

by **Andrew Steinmetz**

AFTER MORE THAN A MONTH since the disappearance of the beloved 'Grill Bar' from Kline Commons, both students and Kline workers have begun to adjust. Students now prepare their own hamburgers, hotdogs, Gardenburgers, and not-dogs, and scoop their own fries from heated trays that formerly spent lunchtime in disuse. Given the circumstances, things are going rather smoothly. The missing 'Grill Bar', however, is still surrounded by rumor and speculation.

Some students are indignant at the 'Grill Bar's' absence. Sara Lovett complains, "If we don't have a 'Grill Bar', then I think that we should get a refund, or at least they could give us more 'Bard Bucks' or something...I dunno." Other students remain indifferent. One student proclaims, "I don't think we even need the grill. Why don't we spend the money on something else, like good food?"

Kline czar, Jim Eigo defends the cafeteria, noting that B&G is responsible for the 'Grill Bar's' repair, and that it was expected to be in working order by the end of Thanksgiving break. After numerous attempts by B&G to fix the malfunctioning unit, Vice President of Administration, Jim Brudvig was contacted, and the college has supposedly ordered the \$11,000 in parts necessary for the 'Grill Bar's' resuscitation. "It's just a matter of getting 14 signatures and all that kinda crap," says Eigo.

Brudvig was unavailable for comment at press time.

NEWS BRIEFS

News Briefs, not boxers.

1. The Keen dorm is in some trouble now. As of November 11, the TV and the cable it shows have been taken away by the PCs. A flyer posted by PC Dan and Saran says this is due to people smoking in a non-smoking dorm and because people have been ignoring those who ask them to step outside and smoke. Well, now Keen has been reminded that "television is a privilege & MUST not be taken for granted." And if they keep having loud sex that disrupts the neighbors after quiet hours there will be mandatory time-out.
2. Junior Andrés Zambrano had a half-page about him in the esteemed New York Times, which even featured a photo of the man. It ran in the Metro section on November 18, and is more press than any of you are likely to see in your entire life. Said Zambrano, "Fuck The New York Times, the Observer is where the good shit is."
3. Robbins room 105 is sick of opening the door for you forgetful key holders and visitors. A sign posted outside on their window lists prices for the chore which is proof that, even at Bard, everything has a price, however low a can of Genny Cream Ale may be.
4. Hey, it snowed twice since the last issue. There were a bunch of kids hollering and screaming outside around Tewks and the new Toasters when it happened. California kids were reportedly in awe of the "cold floating things" falling from the sky. Also, at a time when B&G workers are at a premium, three were seen shoveling Botstein's house steps. I had two kids from Tivoli shovel my walk for \$4, but then I'm not nearly as smart and important. Those found shoveling snow back onto Bot-man's walk will be suspended without due process.
5. The computer network administration has been pretty busy with updating the system to prevent the spread of viruses. This has generally worked out except when a couple weeks ago everyone got an email with the subject heading "dickslapped.com" from Carol Werner of the DOSO.
6. Finally, Snapple is on a campaign of mis-information. Those Snapple "facts" are really just a marketing ploy to get you to their website where you have to find out which ones are real and which ones are made up. So next time you throw one of those "facts" into a conversation, be aware that you are probably spreading lies. Not that anyone remembers them anyway.

by **Jacob Cottingham**

BRAVE Update

by **Chelsea Doyle**

I had the pleasure of speaking with Mr. Kurtlan Massarffy, a Bard student and noted B.R.A.V.E. member, about the latest news from the serious organization that provides information, counseling, and education on a variety of topics relating to college sexual violence. B.R.A.V.E. (Bard Response to Rape and Associated Violence Education) is an organization staffed by various trained student-counselors and educators, that are prepared to listen and to teach. This semester alone there have been thirty-six cases brought to B.R.A.V.E.'s attention, ranging from mere queries about sexual orientation and unprotected sex, to problems with sexual assault, domestic violence, and harassment. There is a B.R.A.V.E. representative on call twenty four hours a day, seven days a week, and set office hours where a person could walk up to the office and discuss any questions or problems they may have with a compassionate member of B.R.A.V.E.

Education is an important part of their message, which includes upcoming events in the spring semester such as the Vagina Monologues, set for February 14th. There are also movie themes to be

shown in succession, and a future clothesline project featured during April, which is the Sexual Assault Awareness month. Not only will there be a clothesline (where students are encouraged to write comments and thoughts about sexual assault on provided t-shirts), but there will be panels answering student questions and speak outs. There is also a sponsored event called the "Take Back the Hudson Valley" which will be posted and explained during the spring semester.

Thanks to B.R.A.V.E., there are thirty-six students who were able to have someone to speak to, and the mass of the Bard populace will have opportunities to be educated and influenced by the honest information provided by this excellent organization. Further questions about B.R.A.V.E. can be answered by a member during office hours, or at extension 7557.

Far From Heaven

By Emily Sauter

"Far from Heaven" is the story of a family in Hartford, CT in 1957. Julianne Moore plays housewife, mother and "Mrs. Magnatech" Cathy Whitaker. Her husband Frank (Dennis Quaid) is a sales head for Magnatech, a producer of "space age" fifties products like TVs. Their life on the surface seems as normal as their pictures in the papers proudly claiming them as "Mr. and Mrs. Magnatech" – the perfect American family. The family may have the two kids and the station wagon, but this family is anything from normal. Cathy finds out, while bringing her husband dinner in a Tupperware dish that her husband "has a problem," meaning he is...oh no...a homosexual. "Oh that word!" Cathy Whitaker says, making a sour face. Cathy runs into her own problems when the sexy hunk of man Raymond Deagan (Dennis Haysbert) becomes their gardener. But oh no, there's a problem with Raymond Deagan, he's black!

Heaven knows how Director Todd Haynes (apparently he went to Bard Grad school!) does it, but this 50's style melodrama succeeds beautifully. If the movie were in black and white, you wouldn't be able to tell that the movie was made in 2002. You'd be sitting in the theater scratching your head, trying to figure out how Dennis Quaid could be in this classic melodrama and the new parent trap movie and not look a day older.

The movie is so 1950's, it almost makes you laugh. The opening credits, with the large type and the string orchestra playing melodiously in the background almost made me want to get a soda with two straws and share it with my friend Jeremy while we stare longingly into each other's eyes (though I don't think Jeremy would approve of that). Julianne Moore's dresses all puff out so far, it looks like she has a hard time not knocking stuff over.

All in all, Emily Sauter says go see this movie. Yes, it's depressing and it makes you angry that no one accepts the different lifestyles of the characters but you have to say to yourself, "It's Connecticut, they don't know any better (Take it from me, I live there)." The movie has a powerful message and is a wonderful recreation of the Douglas Sirk melodrama style with all the trimmings of a 1950's classic.



Frida?

By Armando Mastrogiovanni and Jonathan Foltz

Of course no movie is complete without a sex scene with Lev Davidovich Bronshtien. The immediate conclusion would be that then of course, Frida is the only complete movie ever made. If nothing else, this movie makes at least half of the viewers wish they were born sometime early last century, a time in which fornication was fairly well filmed, occurred often, and communists were everywhere. Imagine – a time when even the mechanically jawed capitalists were well sensible enough to choose a great artist to paint their walls before demolishing them on account of Lenin's unfortunate appearances. A time when you could not only expect to be ice-picked for your revolutionary writing, but also expect to be welcomed in another country as a refugee. This was an era when you could even expect to be protected well enough to have sufficient time for a sex scene with Frida Kahlo prior your overly dramatic assassination – complete with an old Mexican women singing "I am like a green pepper, both hot and spicy."

Complete – Complete? Hardly, you might say, hardly complete. Yes, like the old singing woman, this film is both hot and spicy – or, more appropriately – it is like hot and like spicy – another degree of removal from the great green pepper.

Perhaps if Frida were a utensil, she would be a fork, all rusted and bent, misforged and definitely pissed. But if the film were a utensil, it would be a spork in one of those plastic bags that you get at Wendy's. Complete? Again, complete.

White, plastic, convex and pronged: this is but a simulacrum of the corrosive and fundamentally revolutionary intersection of art and politics that, perhaps, is essential to the work of these artists. And therefore this film is a chain of bus crashes and falling gold flakes, of plaster body casts and ballast breasted dust girls – a romanticizing reflection, absorption and neutralization of absolutely any potentially violent, forceful, or disintegrating character of the great artist it seeks to emulate. As such, this could not possibly be the work of the infamous surrealist training circus.

The movie is safe – it is smooth and seamless, a brightly colored smear of superficially Kahlo-esque imagery, so that we can feel nostalgic for a past full of carefree sex and artists that are revolutionaries leading full lives. This film merely denotes a historical referent, structured around key points in the artist's life, which is exactly why the plot is so weak. Similarly, the filmic effects merely denote her work nostalgically. We can all safely participate in the masquerade, in the distribution and saliva-slicking of the sporks. Oh, no, we are safe, our tongues will not be punctured, nay, and yet we cry, O, mamalaid-milk, my yogurt of indiscretion, my love, my seize, my stain! But not a raw stain with a mottled contour and a violent past – this is a filmic stain of sleekly packaged mediocrity, a commodified simulation of a stain with a flat and mass produced odor, and with about as much revolutionary import as a gulp of cold Tivoli-water.

In the final scene of the film, Frida Kahlo dies, her floating bed aflame, her face daintily mustachioed – she is wearing a dress, I notice – and we feel, I think, her sorrow, as dying is, generally speaking, not really that desirable. We will forever be picking up the pieces of your indelible loss, and imitating the cries of our mock lament.

Three and a half stars.



The Bald Soprano



by Crichton Atkinson

It is always exciting to see self-propelled art. The work involved in creating something completely on your own proves an actor or director's appreciation for a play. When I started the Student Run Theater Group with Eddie Bennett a year ago, we wanted to create an organization that would allow students to practice the art strictly for the sake of performance. We offered the Student Run Theater as an option for casting to Jennifer, but she didn't need it to assist her in the production. *The Bald Soprano* was selected, directed, and cast by students and therefore deserves a respect reserved for creation done for its own sake.

Eugene Ionesco's *The Bald Soprano* gained notoriety when it was born decades ago during France's avant-garde theater of the absurd. The script plays on the triviality of a middle class life style as the players babble the random lines while irrational events occur. The play is light-hearted and witty, relying on its timing and spontaneity to assist its audience through illogical text. Once involve, the play in hilariously funny and creates a unique world.

I was pleased to see the ambition involved in this production. Jennifer Brehm chose *The Bald Soprano* to be the first piece she ever directed. I also believe this was Irina Viscun's first time acting, in which case both did an outstanding job. Simply for the sake of trying out the art form, the show was a success.

The cast was made up of Franco Bulaon as Mr. Smith, Julie Rossman as Mrs. Martin, Ian Schaff as the Fire Chief, Kristen Schneider as Mrs. Smith, Sean Sullivan as Mr. Martin, and Irina Viscun as Mary, the Maid. The whole production was informal and personal right down to the program that gave false biographies and told Val's favorite joke, "What did Zero say to Eight? Nice belt". Good one Val, nice belt.

Every player seemed to have a good time producing the show, which gave the production energy that reverberated through the whole room. Set in the art history room in Olin, the audience was placed close to the action and fed off the energy of the performance and vice versa. Though some of the laugh lines were missed I sat next to my friend Dave, known to the school as "Dave with the ties", who laughed so hard he overshadowed my powerful roars which is a feat in itself. I enjoyed sitting back and watching a production put on by my friends with all the pretensions of the theater set aside for a while. I hope that the trend to create theater continues and that more events like *The Bald Soprano* occur.

by Chelsea Doyle

Solaris

There are two great things about the new movie Solaris: George Clooney,

and George Clooney naked. All right, perhaps there were other things besides that that made it good (go and see it girls, yum!). George Clooney stars as Chris Kelvin, a psychiatrist in what seems to be a futuristic society that closely resembles our own, but with more space ships and new planets. Kelvin receives a cryptic message from an old friend who seems to be in trouble on a space ship that borders Solaris, a new planet. He is asked to come to the ship and figure out the puzzle. When Kelvin arrives, most of the crew is dead, and there appears to be no logical reason for the bizarre things that are happening.

Kelvin begins to realize something is truly wrong when his dead wife Rhea, played beautifully by Natascha McElhone, suddenly shows up in his bedroom very much alive. After a series of events that depict their relationship up to her horrible suicide, we see that Solaris is not so much about the bizarre hap-



penings of the planet, but rather an interesting look into the idea of memory. What exactly do our memories tell us? Are they ever true, or are just fiction played upon us by our minds, warped until the point that they make sense? Kelvin is forced to recall his beloved dead wife and consider that perhaps even he, who knew her best, does not remember her as she was,

but only the way he wanted to remember her.

Solaris is not a bright, flashy, action film, but rather slow and thoughtful, such that when you leave, your mind is still puzzled by some of the strange images it contains. Overall, if you want to see a movie that grips the heart and mind at once, I highly recommend Solaris; but fans of Austin Powers and Not Another Teen Movie, beware. This movie is anything but senseless dribble! Directed by Steven Soderbergh, PG-13.



Nas album God's Son: (Thanks to Ethan Abrahamson of North New Cruger Dorm for supplying me with an advanced copy) This is one of the best rap albums I've heard in quite a while. I'm hesitant to use the word "classic" and start the comparisons to Biggie, and 2Pac etc, but I will say that after my second listen, this album made it into my top ten favorite rap albums of all time. What makes this album so hot? As opposed to the Jay-Z album I reviewed last month, Nas picked a select few to collaborate with. He chose Alicia Keys, Eminem and the late Tupac Shakur. Just the fact that the number of guest appearances is in the one digit range is a good sign. Not only do those three major collaborators enhance the tracks they appear on, but Nas holds his own on the solo songs proving that he's the #1 story teller in the industry. One of my favorite songs on the album is "Last Real Nigga Alive", where no rapper is safe from reference. Nas chastises Jay-Z for Jigga's mean-spirited verbal attacks on Nas' dying mother. Nas' mother is the subject of much attention on the album. Nas actually does something I thought was impossible: he makes a good sentimental song about a lost family member. Missy couldn't do it for Left Eye or Aaliyah, Wyclef couldn't do it for his father, but Nas proves that he has incredible variety. He has club hopping songs, attacks on "the hood's treatment of pregnancy", and touching songs where he wishes he would have one more dance with his beloved mother. This album will be rushed to stores on Friday the 13th of December, expect Nas to shatter the curse, and release one of the best, (no matter how many times he goes platinum) albums of the year. Final Score: 9/10

The bad: Hot 97 Jay-Z Give Back Show, Thanksgiving Day night (don't ask me, my relatives tried to research what "the children" listen to and gave me the tix as a gift). After a lame as all fuck show from Mr. Cee and Sunny of Hot 97, Jay came out for an hour-long

All right, time for a new morbid online comic, only this time it is not for the computer geeks of Penny Arcade. Nope, Sluggy Freelance, www.sluggy.com, is a good old fashioned anything-goes comic strip, in which the main characters do everything from exorcise Satan from their computer, to have death battles with a psychopathic bunny rabbit named Bun-

Sluggy Freelance

by Chelsea Doyle

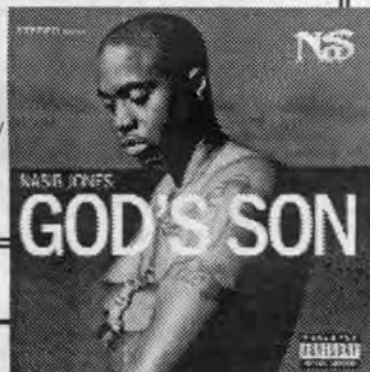
Bun. This means that any strange minded student that giggles at the idea of a little bunny holding a sharp knife and threatening murder will love this site. It has been going for three years, and is an absolutely hysterical if not overly bizarre online comic, but honestly, that should fit right in with most Bard students, right? Check it out sometime if you want a good laugh.

The Sim's Online: Quick Look

by Chelsea Doyle

Anyone who has been a die hard fan of the Sims Games (including Party House, Hot Date, and Vacation) is in for a new treat. Sources say that the Sims Online, the newest version of the game, will be released any day now, although it was originally scheduled for release this month. The Beta version has been available for download, and I was one of the lucky ones that managed to download it before it got so popular that it lost its appeal.

The Sims is a game in which you create cyberlife – a real life person, whom you can give a career, a family, and a house structured in whatever way you decide. Your Sim falls in love, gets a job, gets fired, eats, sleeps, has sex, and goes through emotional breakdowns like any normal person. Some might wonder why anyone would be interested in such a game - isn't real life bad enough? Not hardly, at least in the game you know what is reality. The Sims online gives you the ability to have property and make it into ANYTHING you wish, a house, a café, a shop, and other people from all around the world will be able to visit you with their own personalized Sims. You can make a neighborhood of only your friends, or a Bard Dorm Wing, in which only Bard students could live and party (for example). Basically, it gives you a chance to communicate in new, more realistic, virtual ways with people from all around the globe, like Habbo Hotel, only with the amazing graphics of the Electronic Arts people. So far I have only played a few days, but I am hooked. I barely remembered to register, but if you think about it, how sad is that really? You can get it from www.fileplanet.com, but the download can take a pretty long time. Join the cult, and remember, kiddies, this isn't real life. Anything you do to your Sims cannot be tried as arson or murder. Sounds fun, doesn't it?



show, which he performed about half of. Talk about Jay Z. I can barely remember any good song performances. I would have given him one star rating but

it wasn't all that bad. The stops were pulled out when MOP had their inauguration into Roc-A-Fella, playing such hits as "You Don't Know (The Remix)" and "Ante Up." There was another major guest appearance from Big Snoop Dogg who came out high as hell, proving that the media is way too gullible. Final Score: 5/10

THE GOOD, THE BAD, THE DVD

by Henry Casey

The DVD I have to review is one hell of a "fans only" product. "Gorillaz: Phase One: Celebrity Take Down". Gorillaz are the ultimate in fake bands, taking the Backstreet Boys formula to the next step, the Gorillaz don't actually exist, they are an animated shell put on top of an all star music group featuring Damon Albarn of Blur and Del The Funky Homosapien. When you pop the DVD in you get easy access to their 4 major videos, most of which were never shown on US TV. For some fans, this would be worth the \$20, but the extras kept coming as I dug deeper for them. One of the coolest extras was a story board collection for the unreleased "5/4" video (which I'm hoping to see one day). I've seen the Gorillaz live show before and there were these cool video clips they played during some of their songs that had no music videos to play on top of them. They included these clips on the DVD and put them in sync with the original songs.

This nice package also features live performances, a virtual world to explore, a bonus CD with extras like games, screen savers and desktop imagery, and a very nice booklet of art of the band and fictionalized stories that give the band a history and a first gig to talk about. I think this was a great DVD, good for fans of the band, fans of animation, and fans of the plain weird. Final Score 9/10

12th

Night can Bite my...

by Michael Morini

Out with the old, in with the Older

By Elizabeth Daley

I had a lengthy discussion with my friends and we decided that if we were going to follow the normal progression of things starting with the absolutely 80's crap we are all wearing, we would all end up with the Jennifer Aniston haircut. I remember how I begged my mother the first time "ok you know that girl on friends, the not really pretty one...yeah the one who's not really that funny...well I want hair like hers!" I will not be reduced to that again, none of us are quite ready for that. So where is fashion going? It is obvious that slutty, skinny and patriotic seem to have it 'goin on' in mainstream America. The question that is then posed is: where are we, the disgruntled underground going to go once the irony has faded out of our ironic t-shirts literally. I mean Donnie's name has already started to unravel on my NKOTB sweater. I almost lost another one of those bejeweled belts I wear to a crazy hipster who offered to buy it from me for fifty bucks, then sent her friend to follow me for two blocks when I said no. Echoing disappointment with the current state of fashion, one friend of mine remarked that we have advanced so much technologically yet we still are wearing the same jeans year round. It's a curious situation but sadly, I don't see those really cool self-drying jackets from Back to the Future in our future any time soon.

So when the 80's have been used up twice, then where shall we go. When I was first forced to think about it, the prospect seemed scary. It seems like some designers are experiencing the same fear. Pat Fields seems to think that we can go on forever with 80's wear since she has a forte in 80's inspired design. Other designers have decided to play it safe with what I call their 'desert storm' collections, using the same tired out-of-the-chic tan and olive colors that were only invented so that the masses could tell something was made by a designer because once upon a time even Gap didn't sell colors that ugly. The Japanese seem to continuously favor these colors even though everyone knows that bright colors brighten up any Asian face. Marco Art has the right idea with the bright colors but we need clothes we can wear everyday, to work, to school, sitting around the house. SO to make a long story short, my consultants and I have decided that along with the higher waist line, Far From Heaven, Eminem's Sirk reference in 8 Mile, Eve and Gwen Stephani's hair styles, and the New American Patriotism, comes a fashion influenced by the fifties that will include Ruffles! The fifties offers something for everyone:

For the teenager: Hitting people you like with your leather book satchel. Getting Pinned...I don't really know what it is but they seemed so gosh darn excited about it in Bye-Bye Birdie.

For the ironic college student: We will get to say JEEZ and JEEPERS and my favorite: Nifty! We will be able to speak with that inflection and say things simultaneously, especially if we have siblings.

For the parents: They can bring all their old clothes out of the closet and maybe wear grandma's too. They can call us son and daughter for once instead of "Bill or Jane."

For the Gays: Oh Golly! The possibilities are endless. Firstly, there was no AIDS, but I guess that doesn't really do much because now there is. Secondly, there were all these cool clubs that were secret. Thirdly, did anyone see that really weird educational documentary about lesbians in the 50's. Apparently there were some CRAZY initiation rituals!

Better than hazing I tell you. That brings me to the jocks.

Jocks: Hazing was Amazing. Also, there were a lot more horse riders back then. Make what you will of that. Oh, you can carry girl's books. But hey, that never really went out of style did it?

For the Minorities: HMM...well.....hmmmm.

I really can't wait for the ruffles?!

AND more internationally inspired designs. I want some Russian wear! I want an everyday kimono! The cuts of dresses will be becoming but still short. The eyebrows will look natural and the teeth will be whiter than ever. I think that this new fashion will use the bright colors we picked up from the 80's with more flattering cuts and a variety of materials, even technologically inspired ones. Marc Jacobs has picked up on the return to this era

but I don't really like his version of it.

Included in my fifties fantasy is the DIY style that the 80s comeback has produced.

There will be cool cutout panels in clothes maybe asymmetrical and filled with lace?... I can hope...Tights will become more decorative and more of an accessory. Imagine

fancier leg warmers that can be worn on the arms. Some call them gloves. I also picture a comeback of costume jewelry. Kelly Osborne is going to inspire the people! I hate her but she really isn't all that bad.

The girls who can't be Britney Spears and those who don't want to, are going to rebel and have a major influence on things. Picture this: Mohawks, 50's cuts with cut out panels, your mom in your grandma's dress scared shitless.



House of Fields



Heatherette



Indigo People



Diane Von Furstenberg



Robert Best



Marc Jacobs made my clothes..woohoo



Go Roberto Cavalli GO!



Baby Phat



Ok I know These clothes really suck, but check out the expression on the woman behind the model...she is like 'what the hell were they thinking. And the two women on the other side of her are whispering when I was her age I had a much better body than that...ah fashionistas

Twelfth Night was a crazy theatre piece. Joanne tucker was really great as Olivia. She looked great, she performed great, and heck, she's great. Nobleman number two, played by Andrew Gilchrist, was wonderful. He was wearing a snazzy blue pin-striped double-breasted suit and he had finesse. Other cast members also did a great job but I had a hard time concentrating on the performances because the play as a whole really sucked. The director is awful. Well, that's not true. The blocking and the presentation of the dialogue were great but the creative decisions, the costumes and sound, were awful. The costumes were 70's era-ish crap and the music was a bunch of poppy early 80's songs. I don't remember any of them specifically but I really don't think that any of them fit with Shakespeare. All of these creative decisions along with Shakespeare's work itself, which I never really got around to understanding, collectively confused me even further. Everything was adapted to "modern times", however, as Baz Luhrman's Romeo and Juliet did, kept the awkward original dialogue. The set design, which had a nice dirty Victorian feel, was very stylish. I don't write about plays, especially plays that have friends who I love and respect in them, but I felt like I need to this time. Especially because there was nothing in the movie theatres that I had any interest in viewing. Twelfth Night is still playing at Avery Arts Monday and Tuesday nights at 8pm so perhaps check check it out.

I Pray Every Night for World Peace and a Computer

By Elizabeth Daley

www.jumptheshark.com
(See observer quiz)

The book is: Jump the Shark: When Good Things go Bad and it is written by Robert Hien, the creator of the phrase. Ever wonder why Webster started to suck all of the sudden? Well, Webster always sucked...but the Facts of Life, now THAT was good TV. On Jump the Shark we see that when Nurse Diesel replaced Mrs.Garret everyone started to think it was time for the Tootie and the gang to call it quits and have their separate religious revivals. Most fans believe that after Mrs.Garret left, things were never the same. In other random comments, fans feel that Tootie had rather large breasts and that the whole cast got fat and that the retard girl was on too many episodes. So when



did the free press jump the shark? Just Kidding...

This man has made more shows jump the shark than any other so he has his own link. But here in ye olde Observer office he is seen as a beacon of talent. He only made Married with Children better!

www.rathergood.com

What Destiny's Child would look and sound like if they were kittens in northern England. What about if Jack white... I know you wonder now.

www.tdcj.state.tx.us/stat/finalmeals.htm

I have become obsessed with the death penalty ever since I visited the Texas death row website. It was listed as a fun link, however it is much more than that. On this site you can see what every executed inmate ate as their last meal. for some reason this has appealed to everyone's morbid curiosity, even mine. I am currently doing a video project related to my texas death row discoveries. The site also has links to the last words of every condemned man and woman, I think if you read what these people have to say you will be shocked and horrified that we actually have capital punishment (if you aren't shocked and horrified already

Treasure Planet by Chelsea Doyle



All right, I am going to straight forward confess something: I still watch Disney movies ... and enjoy them! And who could not with the recent turnouts of Lilo and Stitch, the Emperor's New Groove, and Atlantis, three movies that were not quite what you'd expect from Disney, due to the hysterical one liners and almost adult-like commentary. Has Disney been getting more mature, or are we just finally old enough to see it? In any case, the newest movie is called Treasure Planet, a copy of the old fantasy tale of Treasure Island even down to the details of the exact names and story line. Only this film is placed in a science fiction based space world. Instead of an island, duh, the fifteen year old Jim Hawkins, rebel and adolescent hero, is on a search to find a planet full of treasures beyond belief. Befriended by the cyborg cook John Silver, who as everyone knows in the beginning is the tragic villain of the story, Jim must venture out onto an adventure and mature as he is faced with a betrayal from his friend, and the dangerous trials in finding the treasure. Joseph Gordon-Levitt is the voice of the main character, with notable voices from David Hyde Pierce and Emma Thompson. Obviously it is a Disney movie, so expect to have an hour and a half of amazing animation and sappy drama, but, overall, it is a rather fun romp.

Village

Pizza.....I was first introduced to this place in mid '99 and have loved it ever since. The very first day of college, even before getting to the school, my father said, "I'm hungry. Want some pizza? There's a place over

there." And that was the beginning of a

Dynasty. While on the life-long search for the perfect pizza, I believe I have found it, right here, in Red Hook, New York, a ten-minute drive from Bard. If life were a video game, Village Pizza would be the haven where I would return to save my game. I am so psyched about this pizza that not only do I have countless free magnets of theirs and a mug, I even held my 21st birthday there. About 18 or so Bardians just took the place over and we kept ordering pizzas. It was great. It wasn't till later on that I noticed that the III at the end of their name meant there were actually other Village Pizzas out there lending their slices of pure joy onto the public, for example, in Rhinebeck.

Jackie Laduke, another Village Pizza enthusiast, and I decided to conduct an experiment to figure out, once and for all, what this Village Pizza I in Rhinebeck (that we'd only heard of) was all about, and whether or not it was better than our own Village Pizza III. So we set out on our mission, with completely objective viewpoints, of course, and made a visit to both Village Pizzas to evaluate. It was a Friday night. Our first stop was the Red Hook version. This place is located next to CVS and the video store. You make a left at the light by the bank and it's right on the right. Right off the bat, I noticed they do not deliver! This totally sucks, because they would make so much more business

and more people a lot happier if they did, making it easier on those hungry so late at night. Though it works out in a way, because Broadway Pizza does deliver and they get tons of business off Bard. We went in and I noticed they did not have any Mad River sodas that they used to have regularly. This was not good, as that soda, in its old school style, is great. We ordered a pepperoni slice and a jalapeno slice, and with it being Friday, there were lots of customers, so they told us it would be a 15-minute wait. At first, this seemed like it would be a check against this establishment, but it wasn't as the waitress, all smiles, brought the pizza to our table. As I was getting to my seat I banged against the wall and I think I broke the radiator. The pizza was hot and fresh, well worth the wait, not sloppy in the slightest. The Sheriff was there chatting it up with Ben, the really cool guy who I think is the head hanzo, he's bald. There were free magnets there as usual, which is of course a big plus. While waiting, one does have the option of playing Ms. Pac-man. Also, as a nice gesture, they have this miniature robot that eats money, helping kids to go to camp. Not only was the pizza made excellently, the price was unbelievable. It only costs \$1.31 per slice, about \$1.65 for slices with toppings as we had. Not only do they sell pizza, but other things like pasta assortments, cold and hot sandwiches, and salads. Overall, we rated this Village Pizza a 10, both for service and how the pizza tasted. Damn, they have good pizza, GO THERE!!!

Now, as for the Rhinebeck version, which is located on East Market Street, near Upstate Films, this place had an old fashioned appearance on the outside, as if the building was restored. At first

glance, I noticed this place also sold ice cream and desserts, which is cool AND THEY DELIVER!! We ordered the same things so as to keep the controlled variable controlled. It only took two minutes for the pizza to be ready and at our table.

However, we noticed they took it off the counter top, where it was obviously sitting out for hours and not fresh at all. The toppings were just thrown on with no care or precision and the pizza came out sloppy. Jackie felt the pizza was much greasier than in Red Hook too. We also noticed the

sauce they used tasted different and not as good. This place was no where near as crowded as in Red Hook. It hardly had any customers. Also, again no Mad River soda. Overall, the pizza was very disappointing, and we actually felt that 'This place was no Village Pizza' and did not deserve such a prestigious moniker. It was even more expensive than Red Hook! We rated this place as a 5 of 10.

In conclusion, the Red Hook Village Pizza is not only much closer and cheaper but better tasting and had a more friendly atmosphere. The extras that the Rhinebeck Village Pizza offered, such as free delivery and pastries, we quickly realized were added because they needed to add them for business. Red Hook can easily do without them and still dominate in the war of Village Pizzas because they are really THAT good.

VILLAGE PIZZA III (RED HOOK) VS. VILLAGE PIZZA I (RHINEBECK)

By Sean Sullivan

Eight Crappy Nights by Chelsea Doyle

Hey, remember not too long ago when Adam Sandler was getting critical acclaim for his role in Punch Drunk Love, and people were starting to see him as a mature actor that perhaps was seen a little too negatively due to previous infantile films? Wow, big step, Mr. Sandler, too bad you completely blew it on your newest piece of crap that was pitifully inadequate to the humor displayed in Happy

Gilmore, or Billy Madison, both favorites of mine. Eight Crazy Nights is supposed to be a Hanukkah movie for all those poor Jewish kids who had no Miracle on



Elm's Street to turn on, about a town loser Davey who learns the spirit of Hanukkah. He is caught for walking out on a check and nearly sent to jail, instead saved by a referee man named Whitey who remarkably looks like a cross between a gnome and Santa Claus. Whitey and his twin sister Eleanor become Davey's guardian angels and show him how life could be, both as angelic and ridiculously sugar sweet as possible to play against Davey's brashness and jerky behavior. Sandler shows his "talent" by changing his voice for all three different characters. Okay, lame already, but we can count on good old Sandler to make us laugh at the stupidity of it, right? Wrong. Instead it just goes on to having jokes about toilet humor that completely loses its humor after the hundred and fiftieth time.

The jokes in it, although sometimes up to Sandler status, is unfortunately down in the toilet for a good three-fourths of the movie, making it almost too childish for anyone over the age of twelve, even Sandler fans like myself. However, since it is PG-13, the people that would really appreciate it, the children, are sadly out of luck. This is one movie I would suggest never seeing, unless you would like tangible proof of a rising actor's fall from grace.

PEARL JAM REVIEW

By John Biando

When December comes we like to think about snowy Robert Frost, layaway, and the color red- but above all, we pause for a moment late in the month to celebrate a sacred time. Eddie Vedder will turn 38 on December 23rd, officially old enough to be called Mr. Vedder.

But we'll always know him as Eddie. It reminds me of another elder deserving of the title "Mr." by virtue of age, MJ. That is, Michael Jordan. Eddie has always had many things in common with MJ, a love of basketball, ties to Chicago, a desire to be the best, and a fondness for jumping. If you're a keen observer of all things Pearl Jam, you'll notice that references to Jordan crop up periodically, because the band members are all basketball fanatics. Jordan makes very few references about Pearl Jam, although his former teammate Dennis Rodman writes of them in his opus, "Bad As I Wanna Be." Today, there is a particularly relevant comparison to be made between Eddie Vedder and MJ, who turns 40 in February. They're getting a bit old, and critics are breaking out wheelchairs for MJ, and calling Vedder "tired." But the truth is, they're still the best in the business.

Is this a reflection of the decrepit state of their fields? Would the old MJ beat the old MJ? Probably, but I don't think he'd do any better against the NBA of 2002 than the NBA of 1993. Now, when Eddie Vedder was dropping Yeaheahs on the airways in 1993, grunge was beginning to harden into a cliché, so Pearl Jam was fighting against their own evil clones as well as the cock rock hangover. Today, cock rock has mutated into some "sensitive with sprawl-induced post-angst" weenie rock, and the evil grunge clones have become more powerful and less talented, which doesn't seem possible, but somehow is. (I'm talking about what's playing on the radio stations and selling millions, not about what's playing on WXBC) Pearl Jam doesn't do so well these days against the new breed of band, but maybe it's a sign that they're getting better.

Rolling Stone called Riot Act, or Eddie Vedder, or Eddie Vedder's voice "tired" in a recent review. I didn't read the article but that's the word on the street. Riot Act, by the way, is the title of Pearl Jam's newest, excellent album. We'll start our review of the album with Eddie's voice.

Eddie Vedder's voice is a little rough around the edges. I'm sure that he blew it out during the innumerable 3+ hour shows that the band has done. I've been to four of them and my voice was always hoarse afterwards. But he isn't quite tired. I think he tries to stay a little calm during his vocals; there are noticeably fewer shrieks in Riot Act, down to 5 as compared to the 107 in Ten. I counted them. But his voice ain't done yet. Let's remember that Bob Dylan sounded better in Nashville Skyline and John Wesley Harding than in his earlier albums, although he now sounds worse than ever. Maybe Eddie just needs to quit smoking. The shortest track on the new album, Arc, features some of the best Vedder vocals to date. It's Pearl Jam meets Ladysmith Black Mombassa. It's like a Vedder version of an African safari, with overdubbed vocals. Which was the smart choice because nobody else in the band can sing very well.

Arc is a good example of something the band does really well in every album after Vs. There have been one or two short sound experiments in Pearl Jam's later albums, like the secret song at the end of Yield or Aye Davanita in Vitalogy. I wish Pearl Jam would give them more than passing notice, and develop them into full-blown songs. Maybe they will if they choose to do a new album, since they have fulfilled their contractual obligations to Sony music and can sign with a more flexible label. K records is near Seattle, right?

Anyhow, to finish up with Eddie's Voice, it sounds better than it has in Yield and Binaural (you know, the album-experiment with binaural recording which further alienated fans of Ten). And on the album's standout track, You Are, his voice sounds particularly amazing. Different from the overpowering vocals in Alive and the rueful Immortality of past albums, his voice takes on a more mature quality that isn't tired, but of refined sensibility.

"You Are" is the best example of why Riot Act is far from a tired album. It is one of the best songs Pearl Jam has ever done. Interestingly, it is a Matt Cameron joint, who wrote the music, apparently played the rhythm guitars (which make the song), and helped with the lyrics. I have to say, way to go, Matt. I don't like what he does on live albums during which he drums too quickly on slow songs. But he comes through here, taking Mike McCready out of the equation, who has been a source of stagnation in the band's sonic ideas. He is an amazing guitarist, without a doubt, but his ideas are all the same. Thank you for Yellow Ledbetter and the Hendrix tribute "Full" on Riot Act, but please, Mike, try something new. Grunge is like, so over, and so is the band's short fling with it, and you need to grow! Back to You Are. Listen to it and dance like the 80's. It is a very different song, but then, Pearl Jam really isn't a stagnant band. They have an identifiable sound, and a guitarist that likes 70's rock riffs. The reason that most people like Ten and not the other albums is because Pearl Jam keeps changing. Vs. is the most like Ten, but then comes Vitalogy, No Code, Yield, Binaural, and now Riot Act, and each brings a little something new. Certainly, Eddie sounds like Eddie. Let's consider, however, the new efforts from Low and God Speed You! Black Emperor. Both new albums sound like the old ones. Everybody's got a certain consistency they can't shake, like Nietzsche we can expect an eternal return of the same.

The album takes a few listens, like I think every Pearl Jam album takes. But some gems come out after the 4th listen. I think the only song I'm going to get sick of is "Thumbing My Way," which is a little like Immortality or Indifference, but lacks the same sincerity.

"Can't Keep" is the hot starter for the album, not as cool as "Sometimes" which starts No Code, but a solid tune with a piano to boot. It gets ya up. "Save You" is a little confusing, but rocks as well. Love Boat Captain is great if not exactly the pinnacle of Vedder's lyrical career. It feels like a call to sincerity, though, and strikes you with the church organs. It's something that I think you need to hear in High School, and didn't we all hear Pearl Jam then? Actually, I've caught myself falling into its corny uplifting crescendos, and I don't know if I ought to be embarrassed about that.

The worst song lyrically is "Ghost," which I think Jeff Ament wrote and Vedder looked over to save it from being totally shitty. It features the Chorus, "I'm flying away/ Driving Away..." I have definitely read Bard Poetry that was more miserable than this, in fact, I often read it. So don't get too high on your horses there, partners.

Vedder comes through bigger than before lyrically, although he has had moments of genuine poetic fortune in past albums, even in Ten. Some people say that in "Alive" he utters the enigmatic, haunting line, "This avocado here, it's a lie." We can't really be sure what he says in that album. Eddie Vedder is no poet, don't get me wrong. But his work in "Cropduster" is elegant, he turns out a witty satire of our President in Bu\$hleager, and oozes touching sincerity in "All or None."

I think that "All or None" is a fitting closer to the album, and it features some of Pearl Jam's strongest abilities. The band doesn't produce musical genius, Eddie's voice is strong but not the greatest, and the lyrics are probably not masterpieces. But put it all together, and it shines. Something that I think people pass over too quickly with Pearl Jam is their earnestness, which is a key ingredient for my enjoyment of art. I don't listen to Pearl Jam because they are the greatest of Artisans, but because they rock, and they make us feel good and happy. And furthermore, they are responsible artists, which gives me a better impression of them, and makes me feel more comfortable listening. Eddie Vedder played for Ralph Nader benefits, the band tried to beat Ticketmaster, and they are good to their fans, offering them first crack at reasonably priced tickets- considering the venues and that they have to use Ticketmaster. The latest fan club letter offered tidbits from Mark Twain, Noam Chomsky, Daniel Quinn, and Michael Moore, among others- and zero rock star bullshit. I have the greatest respect for artists who, despite the aesthetic value of their work, have an earnest desire to save the world. Responsibly.



The Legend of the Liquid Sword

by Andreis Costa



Well here it is, the dopest thing since liquid swords... The legend of the liquid sword, the new album from the Gza Genius of Wu-Tang Clan. This album is the only thing you need for the holiday season. Gza drops lines like clumsy coke heads (in Tewksbury). The beats bring me back to 36 Chambers, Wu's first album. The Gza's flow is still scientific and even if he doesn't rhyme he gets the point across; the point may, however, be hard to decipher due to the fact that he speaks wu-bonics, a language only the true fans can imbibe. The good thing is even if you're a blond girl from Connecticut the words and beats will give you something else to bob your head to. The song "Knock Knock" is a traditional MC narrative about the Gza being iller then most and is an energetic dance track. Rza comes through on "The Fam" and, as usual, spits a verse of sublime nonsense that, although sounding tight, will leave you disoriented and confused like the morning after. Despite this extra voice the Gza still manages to make a message of the importance of friends and family... Basically have a crew that will hold you down and won't sell you out over the pursuit of ass at the man party at The Black Swan. "Animal Planet" is another hot track where the Gza compares people in the world to wild animals and gives respect to Grand Master Flash in the hook saying "The worlds a jungle sometimes." And that's hot! This isn't a thesis paper so I'll stop. Madd Love. Spend your Christmas money on this album.

Ex p u l s i o n

Opinion Through Fiction

by **Juan Martinez**

WITH HIS CIGARETTE in hand he paced around campus for the last time hoping to figure out the importance of higher education. They told him to make something of himself, to make those back home proud. But as he walked up and down the grassy quads and stoned paths he could not figure out if Ché would have been here reading Kant and discussing foreign politics with the son of a banker who drove a classic car and shopped at The Salvation Army.

"Nobody here understands my speech and if they do they suppress their understanding in order to climb higher up the social ladder." He dragged his boot along the cobblestones and wondered what would be next in his life. "Maybe I'll grab a rock and put it through the window in the Dean of Students Office," he said aloud as his cigarette burned down to the filter.

They asked him why he got expelled and he told them that he was brown, outspoken and poor – the formula for the only atomic bomb that could ever explode in this country. And he said it with a feeling of pride; a feeling that maybe someone like him could one day truly make a change. But whomever he said that to would agree and then walk away without pledging their allegiance. He looked up at the sun, which created a mixture of pastels so beautiful that the sight of it was almost worth the three years he had wasted trying to earn his degree.

"Remember Russel? Yeah he also fought to change the way the school was run and look what happened to him." And even though whomever he said that to understood the anger boiling within him, no one started a petition or raised a banner asking administration to free him, although three weeks ago The Student Action Federation launched an all-out assault on the government asking them to free Mumia.

He remembered his first day at the college – picnic with beatniks and socialists and those who read about revolution but never cried *Viva* when the right time came. He remembered sitting in his room later that night, while everyone was drinking and getting to know one another, sketching a new skyline that made the tenements in the slums of Brooklyn and the Bronx as tall and as important as the buildings in Manhattan. He would not allow the first day of the rest of his life to be about drinking and partying when there were major changes to be made in this world.

"Optimism for the poor is as deadly as Socialism is for the United States," he told the Dean who laughed at him and assured him that his expulsion was not due to his financial dilemma, but rather his dilemma of priority. "You can't stand up on tables and scream racism just because you feel threatened," the Dean told him as he stood up to leave higher education forever.

"Well if I cannot, then maybe I should flip the tables over first."

His troubles all began when three of his friends were accused of sexual harassment within their dormitory. He never knew whether they did it or

not, and quite frankly, he didn't care. Campus newspapers treated the allegations as if they were reporting the history of the college. They printed the article revealing everything but the student's names; even their skin tone was revealed. A head administrator was quoted as saying that perhaps it was a culture conflict.

"As if we go around harassing and raping our women," he told anyone who would listen. And he tried his hardest to shut the newspapers down but every time

the idea was mentioned fellow students would trivialize the concerns of the students of color on campus. Instead, they would defend the newspapers with arguments of *Free Speech*, disregarding the actual concept of freedom even though the first amendment was designed to protect the media from the government, not from the very constituents who were voicing their concern. His name was put onto a list of unruly students and his advisor spoke to him about changing things from within the system. He laughed, "How can you change things from within the system if the system's V.I.P. list doesn't have your name on it?"

Whenever something even remotely race-related broke out on campus people looked at him and hoped that he wouldn't cause a scene. "No, I won't fight this time. I want administration to understand that the real battle has not yet come." The real battle actually never came, although a plethora of squabbles ensued monthly during his three years.

Amazing teachers of color were not given tenure; a black security guard with seniority was passed over for a promotion; a teacher told a student that she loved people from, "immigrant countries;" swastikas were painted on the sides of several faculty buildings; and a Dean of color was passed over to become Dean of Students by the head of Career Development. Within two years he had seen more racism in a community of roughly two thousand people than he had seen his entire life growing up in a city of twelve million. "I have turned every cheek I can turn. Now I must fight."

As he sat in the Campus Center for the last time he heard Bob Marley blasting out of someone's headphones. He ignored the coincidence. But when he saw a white girl wearing a Ché t-shirt, saying words like, "Dope,"

"Ill," and "No doubt," he couldn't help himself.

He stood up on the information desk and began chanting, "Viva La Raza," although no one knew what he was talking about. A security guard asked him to please step down and he told the security guard to call the cops. "Now you don't really want me to do that, do you son?" The security guard smiled at him and extended his hand.

"I ain't your son, piglet, and if your hand is still out there by the

count of three, I'm going to spit on it." The security guard radioed base and other guards were on their way.

"What am I being expelled for?" He asked his Dean the day before.

"You were at an unregistered party where alcohol was being distributed to minors."

"What's happening to the other students who were involved?"

"Your name was the only name mentioned."

And although he was at the party, relaxed for the first time in weeks, he had no idea that his Liberal Arts College had become intolerable to alcohol and unregistered partying.

"My first year at this school was one long unregistered party," he said as he realized what scholarship students were actually put on campus for. "I'm a scapegoat. Is that it? You trying to change the image of this place?" He laughed as he thought of the

yearly party his school held; the party where annually eleven people are taken away in ambulances due to the amount of alcohol consumed.

But it was no use. His sentence of four years in academia was reduced to three. He went back to his room and began to pack his things.

When the rest of the security officers came he was chanting about Emilio Zapata and two students passed by and one asked what Zapata was and the other answered, "A shoe."

A crowd had formed around him and some began to show signs of appreciation for the demonstration, but when the back-up security guards came they began to scamp. They fled quicker than hippies at a poetry slam as soon as a black man with a Koofi steps on stage.

"They ...continued on page 13.."

They asked him why he got expelled and he told them that he was brown, outspoken and poor – the formula for the only atomic bomb that could ever explode in this country.

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the drab report

by Michael Marlin, Jr.

I have never been very anti-Kline.

Coming from a family that has ordered more pizzas and McDonald's burgers than has sat together for dinners around the table, I have never had much complaint with our college dining service or its facilities. Admittedly, the food is not always great, but for a small buffet-style service that feeds hundreds every day, gourmet is not to be expected. As for selection, the options may be almost the same every week, but there are still plenty of foods, or imaginative combinations, that I have not yet tried.

Lately, however, I have become increasingly irritated by some events that have taken place, to the point where my rage convincingly persuades me to kill everyone in sight and burn down the building that is Kline Commons. I know; that isn't very funny, especially when paired to my actual trivial reasons, which I will soon explain. But, for some reason, these issues drive me insane, and instead of doing something constructive about it, I'm just going to bitch and complain, and hope that someone somewhere can empathize.

1. The broken grill line. I feel embarrassed to rant about this issue, while I should be fighting against world hunger or something less selfish, but I don't see how Bard and Chartwells can get away with feeding us less food and charging us the same amount of money. That silly grill thing has been broken for most of the semester, and I wouldn't be surprised if it were still broken when we return from winter break. If Kline were a restaurant, someone would have fixed the problem the day it broke. And even if it needed a whole new part, or needed to be completely overhauled, there's no reason it shouldn't have been done during the first week since it was closed down. Cooking appliances such as those aren't THAT exotic. And even though some of the food that is usually heated on that machine has been moved to other (annoyingly inconvenient) places, a lot of food has been sacrificed, and SOMEBODY must be making a hell of a profit. In the end, I think it would only be fair for students to receive a reduction in the cost of this past semester's food plan.

2. Food tray lids. I imagine somebody must have complained that the food wasn't hot enough, or some higher-up Chartwells exec must have put a new policy in place, but having those stupid-ass lids covering the food is the worst thing that has happened to Kline since I've been here. (A) I burn myself. (B) The lids fall on the floor. (C) The lines have only gotten longer, especially at 1:30 and 7 (Kline HELL times). (D) I can't see the food! (E) The workers, who stand right behind the trays, can't see the food either, so they can't tell when the trays are empty! There have been many more foodless trays since those annoying lids were put on there. In the end, I'd rather eat slightly colder food than have to deal with those tray lids any longer. They aren't worth the hassle.

And that's about it. Fix these two things, and I'll be a happy student once again. The rest of the school won't have to be murdered and Kline Commons won't have to become a horrible inferno of blackened wreckage.

The World's Most Powerful Enemy

Why the U.S. Should Give Up the War in Iraq and Invade the U.S.

by Ben Dangi

AS THE WAR DRUMS are pounding in Washington, and as debates continue over the issue of a US-led war on Iraq, Bush assures us that "Soon we will speak with one voice." That is comforting coming from him, assumedly the person who will behold that one voice. A voice that says things like the US should invade Iraq because, "after all, this is a guy who tried to kill my dad."

Usually when a nation goes to war it does so for a reason. The US is going to war in the anticipation of a reason. Iraq might be a problem in the future, so let's bomb them now just in case.

Arguments for war with Iraq include:

1. Saddam is an evil person with big weapons and he kills innocent people.
2. There are al-Qaeda links in Iraq, and by going there the US would be fighting the war against terrorism.
3. The US will bring democracy to Iraq.
4. The US is fighting for peace and stability in the Middle East.
5. Iraq is a violator of UN laws and should be overthrown.

Arguments against the war in Iraq include:

1. The US has killed millions of innocent Iraqis through the trade embargo on Iraq, and thousands more in Afghanistan. By attacking Iraq more innocent people will die.
2. There are no links with al-Qaeda and Osama in Iraq. Saddam and Osama are religious enemies. A war would be helping terrorists out by creating more hatred against the US, and slacking up on chasing the terrorists down. Militaristic fundamentalist groups want angry young recruits, and a war in Iraq will produce plenty of them.
3. The US attempts to bring democracy to Afghanistan have failed; why

should we think it will work in Iraq? The US government uses waging wars in the name of democracy as an excuse to do anything they want to other countries, whether the true motives be oil, economic or otherwise...

4. A war for peace would result in huge casualties, thousands of innocent civilians will die. Whereas Saddam hasn't attacked the US yet, there is nothing like a war to push him to attack. The US will be fueling more terrorism and chaos in the Middle East by going to war there. Civil wars and disputes between ethnic

groups in Iraq will flair up.

5. The US is violating UN and international law by initiating a war and threatening to attack unilaterally. It took World War II to put the UN together, and without a global forum that people take seriously there is nothing to prevent World War III.

The US is obviously focused on the wrong enemy here. The real danger is the US itself. If the US government really wanted to protect democracy, save innocent people, promote world peace and stop terrorism, the country it needs to attack is its own. Using the same logic from their own war hungry propaganda, the US government is the enemy. The US shouldn't be invading Iraq, the US should be invading the US.

Reasons why the US government should invade the US instead of Iraq:

1. The US has the largest amount of weapons of mass destruction in the world, with a military larger than all of the rest of the world's combined, constituting a threat to other

nations.

2. The US could go for regime change and implement a democracy in the US, ousting corruptly appointed George Bush and holding real democratic elections so the people could elect their own leader.

3. The US government is disregarding their own citizen's basic rights and privacy.

4. The US has armed and supported the Taliban in the past.

5. The US is in violation of UN and international law.

6. If the US invaded the US, they could go and take all of the oil out

of Alaska that they wanted.

7. The US has implemented sanctions and trade embargoes that have killed mil-

lions of innocent people.

8. The US supports international bad guys like Sharon, Pinochet and Henry Kissinger.

9. The US has killed 4,000 innocent people in Afghanistan.

10. The US refused to participate in environmental acts like the Kyoto protocol and has revoked countless past efforts to conserve the world's wildernesses.

11. The US invading the US would be attractive to many pro-war governmental officials; by doing so the US could divert attention away from their own plummeting economy, big business corruption, failing war on terrorism and a mess in post-war Afghanistan.

12. The US government is a war time bomb waiting to happen; they should take preemptive action against the US government. If not, who knows where they will strike next in their violent greed?

The U.S. government is a war time-bomb waiting to happen.



Dear Miss Lonely Hearts,
Every woman I meet falls in love with me! Whenever I go out, every woman I see makes eye contact and smiles at me. I swear they all want me. I'm getting tired of them coming on to me all the time. What can I do?
-Mr. Right

Dear Mr. Right,
I think that maybe your charm has worn off. It certainly isn't working on me! Maybe you need to take a reality check. Are those "flirtatious" women looking your way or right past you? My guess is you haven't got a clue.

Dear Ms Lonely Hearts,
I am having a real problem. I am a man, but I am starting to grow breasts. I am embarrassed to take my shirt off at the pool. It's very awkward. What should I do?
-Breast Man

Dear Breast Man,
You seem to have acquired a somewhat large problem. You have a few options to deal with this weighty issue. You can either do as most of America does and diet the days away until you are less hefty. Or you can buy a bra and embrace the fe-manly-hood stage of life you have entered. I personally suggest the latter.

Dear Ms Lonely Hearts,
My boyfriend has an intimate secret that he hides. His penis is so small, it's like the size of one of my fingers, no joke. Our sex life will never live up to my expectations. Is there anything I can do to improve our love life regardless of his petite problem.
-Adam

Dear Adam,
Your lover can still satisfy you with his love, even if he is pint-size. For his next birthday buy him some literature on the subject of pleasure; include in his package some ribbed condoms. There are ways for you to indulge, and ways for him to indulge your needs. Keep in mind that good things come in small packages; he might have a small tool, but be able to work it in a way you have never experienced.

DearMissLonelyhearts
@hotmail.com

Ex p u l s i o n

...continued from page 12... stage.
"They want me gone and I'm gonna go, but remember me. Remember that there are millions like me who never filled out the Common Application. Remember that there are millions like me who skipped out on the S.A.T.'s." He thought about his friends from back home and how they all thought he was a traitor for believing in the American-white-man's-dream. "Maybe they had the right idea too. Fuck the S.A.T.'s. That's what I say. Fuck em. Maybe my peoples back home understood that the term culturally biased

didn't only apply to the exam to get into the college but to the actual colleges too."

A security guard grabbed him and thrust him down onto the ground. "I don't wanna have to do this, son."

As his face was pressed against the ground he thought about going to back to his block and sitting on his stoop and talking to his boys about how they were right. "Yo fuck that school shit son. I got everything I need right here on Broadway, kid." Maybe it was the dust on his face, he thought, as he wondered why the ground reminded him of home.

And while he was escorted off of campus he took one last look at the Humanities building and he hoped that maybe one day someone would say something worthwhile. He hoped that someone would be able to work from within the system, without having to be expelled or quieted with social probation. But as he took a deep breath of country air he came to the realization that those who had something worthwhile to say were saying it on corners, stoops, and park benches, and not in the middle of a classroom where European Literature was taught and where social revolution was talked about but never fought.

the Guy@

KLINE

How do you feel about the steam tray lids that cover the food in Kline?



Oh, I hate those things!



I like lifting them and having the steam hit me in the face.



I don't know what you're talking about.



My stomach already hurts from eating here; I don't need to burn my hand also.



I like hot food & salt.



It reminds me of my childhood.

I always tell the truth even when I lie

KEEP PUNCHING WITH SEAN SULLIVAN

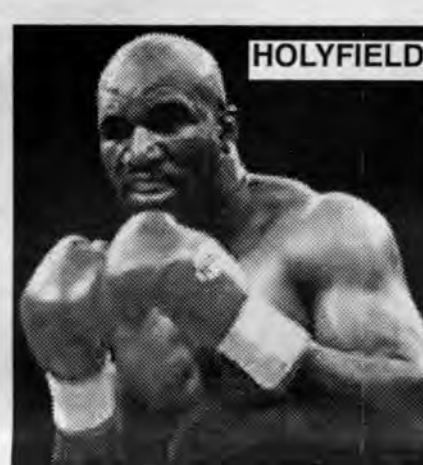
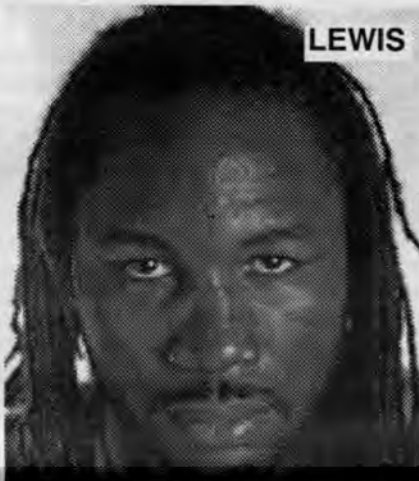
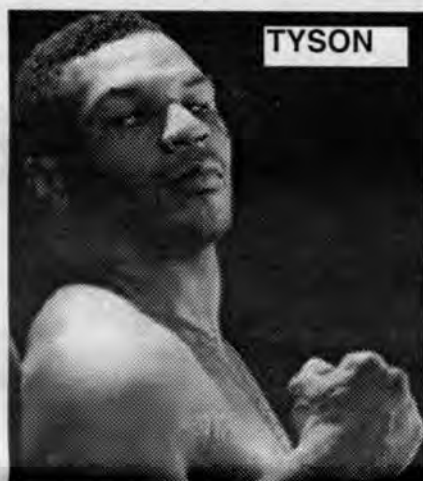
Well, as of late, the three most recognizable heavyweights fighting today have been making headlines; Lennox Lewis, Evander Holyfield, and of course Mike Tyson. Evander Holyfield recently fought for the IBF heavyweight title last Saturday against the slick top contender Chris Byrd. Byrd, a first time title challenger, outworked and out-punched the crafty veteran Holyfield over twelve rounds to be awarded the decision by the judges with scores of 116-112, 117-111, 117-111. This fight was made after the IBF belt was declared vacant, when Lennox Lewis, the true champ, opted not to fight Byrd, the IBF's number 1 contender at the time. In return for vacating the title, Don King gave Lewis one million dollars and a Range Rover. When a title is declared vacant, the no. 1 and no. 2 contenders vie for the belt. Byrd took full advantage of Holyfield's age, 40, and declining reflexes, as he constantly circled Evander landing jabs and lead-lefts from all angles in his southpaw (lefty) style. Holyfield, having great difficulty finding Byrd and catching him with clean shots, very often swung wildly and missed with his punches.

Lennox Lewis, now has been rethinking his future plans atop the heavyweights. His original plan involved three more fights then retirement. He would fight Vitali Klitschko, the WBC's no. 1 contender, then have a rematch with Mike Tyson, and should he survive that, would fight Wladimir Klitschko, Vitali's brother and publicly considered as the division's heir apparent after the departure of Lewis. These Klitschkos are Germany-based Russians, with massive builds standing at 6'6" (Wladimir) and 6'8" (Vitali) both weighing in the 240-pound range. Wladimir, on December 7th, fought Jameel McClint, a top ten contender and a man who matched his size and stature, and decisively beat him with a tenth round TKO, in the biggest test of his career to date. Lennox has recently deemed Vitali unworthy of a title challenge, for his lack of exposure and experience against top foes, and wishes to have his mandatory defense, which is due by March, extended a few more months. However, Lewis apparently changes his tune when he's around Don King, so it's possible he could fight Vitali soon enough.

In March, however, an intriguing WBA heavyweight title bout takes place, between the title-holder John Ruiz, the first and only heavyweight champion of Spanish decent, and the pound-for-pound best fighter in the world, the undisputed light-heavyweight champion (175 lbs.) Roy Jones, Jr. Talent-wise, Roy Jones easily surpasses the average Ruiz. What makes this fight so interesting is the size difference, as Roy will be facing a fighter possibly thirty to forty pounds bigger than he and who most certainly packs a more powerful punch, with Ruiz being the natural heavyweight. Roy hopes to use his supernatural speed and reflexes as an advantage and key to winning the fight.

"I'm tired of being stupid." -Mike Tyson

Mike Tyson is now scheduled to face tough Clifford Etienne on February 22nd back in Memphis, Tennessee, the same venue of his last fight with Lennox Lewis. Commenting on that, Tyson said, "I guess they liked my last performance." He enjoyed the area the last time and was very welcomed, particularly by the poor neighborhoods. "That's where I come from...I went downtown to the hood and everybody's got a gold tooth in their mouth and look like me." During this press conference, Tyson expressed a new attitude and outlook on life, feeling he didn't need to be so hateful all of the time. "We've all got to live. We've got to make a living...I don't have to be a cold-blooded...mean individual on the streets just to be a great fighter," he said. Regarding the after-effects of his loss to Lennox Lewis, Tyson said, "I felt purified after that fight. It's like he whipped my ass and baptized me at the same time." After an expected victory over Etienne, Tyson should be headed towards a rematch with the champ, Lewis, who now only holds the WBC belt, though, has the distinction for being the true champion. He never lost the other two of the major belts inside the ring (only in the courts), which he won by defeating Evander Holyfield via decision back in 1999. You can call Chris Byrd (IBF) and John Ruiz (WBA) title-holders, but Lennox Lewis (WBC) is the champion.



They just can't stop!

By Jacqueline LaDuke

Despite the fact that it's freezing cold outside, and the official college soccer season has ended, those soccer players are still at it. The majority of them aren't even varsity players, but rather people who just love soccer. As Val, one of the three girls that show up to play says "Soccer. It's the way to be. It's like one big game of kickball." A lot of times, it does end up being like a big game of kickball. Although there are some very skilled players, it is common to see the ball fly from one side of the gym to the other.

So what actually goes on? Usually once a week, a bunch of people shows up at the gym to play soccer. They divide up into teams, and sometimes play tournaments with just two teams, sometimes three, and sometimes as many as four. The score isn't of much importance for some, yet some still do care. The main point though is that everyone is really passionate about the game. There are people from all over the world playing, ranging from South America to Europe to Asia, and even including a few domestics. Most of the time everything runs smoothly, with enough people but not too many showing up. But sometimes there are catastrophes, like just a tad too many come to play and someone has to sit out for a bit. And of course there are the injuries. I can't count the amount of times I left there with sore shins. But more seriously, last week someone was left with the burden of having to go buy a new pair of glasses the next day! The worst injuries so far have had people going to the hospital. One night, an attempted tackle went horribly wrong. This guy went in to tackle, and ended up kicking someone and breaking his own foot. Another time, someone got hit in the eye with the ball and had to go to the emergency room for it. Everything ended up being ok though, thank goodness. Injuries do give people stories to tell, so in effect, they end up being cool.

This mini-season of soccer definitely has its trademarks. From the guy who goes crazy screaming and kicking to the one who is obsessed with the score, it's always an adventure to play. There are the regulars, and then there are those who come every

few weeks or so. The unfortunate thing though, is that once time comes for the real intramurals, the group will have to be split up. However, we all know that the championship game will be between these same people that always play together anyway!

On another somewhat sports related note, I witnessed an awesome fight in the CVS parking lot the other day. I came out of CVS around dusk and was on my way to Village Pizza III (the good one, see Sean's article) when all of a sudden I saw a Red Hooker (high school kid) approach a Bard kid and start saying shit about Bard. Unlike the typical passive Bard mentality, this Bardian wasn't afraid to stick up for himself. He started screaming at the Red Hooker, telling him not to talk shit about Bard. So then the Red Hooker started personally insulting the Bard guy, telling him that his clothes were ugly and some other teenage bullshit. Then I heard the following: "This is enough. You better get your scrawny red neck ass back into that car, or else I will come over there and shove your head through the windshield." There was some other Red Hook kids snickering by a nearby car. Red Hook boy did not like that one bit. He ran over and punched Bard boy right in the mouth. Bard boy wasn't fazed at all, despite the blood dripping from his lower lip. However, being the more mature, intelligent, quick on his feet guy, the Bardian grabbed the guy and put him in a headlock, and attempted to punch him just as the Red Hook friends emerged to witness it. They proceeded to grab this Bardian, but luckily he had enough room to cause some ruckus, and he punched the Red Hook boy. The kids, noticing the strength and obvious punching skills of the Bardian, crept away before they were on the ground just like their friend. The Bardian left the guy there dazed and as he started to stand up, the mysterious Bard fighter disappeared into the night. I was standing sort of behind a car just admiring my fellow schoolmate, witnessing everything that happened. I still can't figure out who this mysterious guy is...

BARD BASKETBALL

By Sean Sullivan and Hank Skulstad

The Bard Basketball season has begun, and already it appears to be a promising one. Their team record so far is 4 wins to 3 losses (including a loss in the last game of the season that took place December 15th at home against Pratt Institute). The team's roster includes four sophomores in Isak Mendes, Hank Skulstad, David Dash, and Justin Goldberg and five incoming freshmen, Alexei Phillips, Carlos Haynes, Ethan Abramson, Collin Orcutt, and Adam Turner. The coaching staff includes newcomer Head Coach Chris Wood brought in from Lyndon State College of Lyndonville, Vermont and assistant coaches John Kelly Jr. and Keith Belfield. The coaches seem to want to toughen these guys up putting practices at 7 AM and it seems to be working. The coaches also sit the team down sometimes to watch tapes of previous games to perfect their maneuvers as best they can. It isn't all basketball with these guys, as the coaches sometimes take the team out to play football, wiffleball and things like that, as well as, doing community service picking up trash, etc., so that is cool of them.

Though losing their first game against Skidmore (86-21), the Raptors came back winning three games in a row against Sarah Lawrence, Albany Pharmacy, and Webb Institute. In their game against Sarah Lawrence, Justin Goldberg scored 24 points. From their winning effort against Albany Pharmacy, word spread quickly around campus about the dude who single-handedly scored 45 points to assist the team winning at 77-70, and set a Bard record for the most points scored by one player in a game. This guy is Adam Turner out of New Jersey who towers over most of his teammates standing at 6'6". He's also been named HVMAC player of the week following his 36 ppg, 15 rpg, 6 apg and 2 spg average over three games for the week ending December 9, 2002. For the players, the win against Albany Pharmacy was a satisfying one in that the Raptors lost to them last season. Facing Webb Institute Adam Turner and David Dash combined to score 46 points and getting 34 rebounds with Collin Orcutt putting down 21 points of his own. Alexei Phillips tipped that off with 13 more points to finalize that victory at 103-30. Also it appears Bardians are showing their love and support for the Raptors with lots of people cheering at the home games, according to some players.

Hopefully next semester will build on the success of the first half of the season. And God Bless those half-time shot contests where you can win free pizzas! Hooray!

Horoscopes

by **Madame Babarosky-Smith**

Sagittarius: November 22-December 21

You are a bit older now than you were then. And wiser for the extra age. There are always bumps in this road we call life. You can either drive consistently slow so you will never be caught off guard or you can drive like you want, knowing that there's always a risk that your transmission will be scraped out from underneath you. Chance encounters are prevailing this month use them to your advantage to tie up loose ends or begin new ones. And watch your bank account statements and spending, money may seem to 'disappear'.

Capricorn: December 22-January 19

There are extenuating circumstances in every bad decision you make. These circumstances often lend themselves to your rationalization techniques. Be careful with these methods this month. This is a month when honesty and owning up to your mistakes will do you much more good than the alternative.

Aquarius: January-20-February 17

Time keeps on slapping you in the face. It seems as if you can't seem to get a grip on how fast (or slow) things go. This is because you're letting the pace of your life be dictated by someone or something other than yourself. If you take control of the planning and timing of your activities, goals and whatnot, the stress and surprise of many of them passing you by will fade.

Pisces: February 18-March 19

Your work (not academic as much as life) seems to have gone a bit off track. There are times in which we all lose our focus or drive. The key tenet you must remember is that the drive will only come back if you keep on keepin on without it. There also seems to be an appointment of some kind in the near future which instills more dread than hope in you. The outcome of this meeting will not be as bad as you believe it will be, be calm.

Aries: March 20-April 19

Though you always have a little bit more on your plate than you need to handle, you always handle it. This is a skill and talent that not all of us have. But be careful and aware of the crumbs and bits that strayed from your plate and are now hiding underneath your napkin, or in the creases of your lap. The stains and stress they will cause will be far worse than anything you see coming to you. I also see a bit of mystic magic in your future.

Taurus: April 20-May 19

You are scared, of what exactly I am not sure. But this fear is holding you back from accomplishing even more than you

have already. There are imperfections and small bothers in your life that drain more energy out of you than they are worth. Try to find a constructive way to work around or bring closure to these things and you will reach new intellectual and emotional levels of productivity and contentment.

Gemini: May 20-June 20

The stars do not usually suggest concealing information, but this month is a doozy. There will be moments where you will be unclear on what the right way of phrasing something to an important someone in your life. Right now it seems the best thing is to be sparsely honest. Lying outright will just bite you in the karmatic ass, but do withhold-there will be a better time and place to have it all out in the air.

Cancer: June 21-July 21

You are near the end of a big hurdle. In order to stay on track some relationships and extracurricular activities will need to suffer. But this suffering will have an end, a large festivity of some kind, with you as its guest of honor. Start mentioning your favorite cakes, games, beers and drugs...you will get them.

Leo: July 22- August 22

You haven't been doing enough. You have so many thoughts in your head and yet you never manage to get them out of your mouth or onto paper. This lethargy has to stop; ideas and moments of revelation are not a dime a dozen and to treat them as such is a crime against yourself. Do something or be aware that there will come a time when you will want to be productive...and you will have nothing worth saying.

Virgo: August 23-September 21

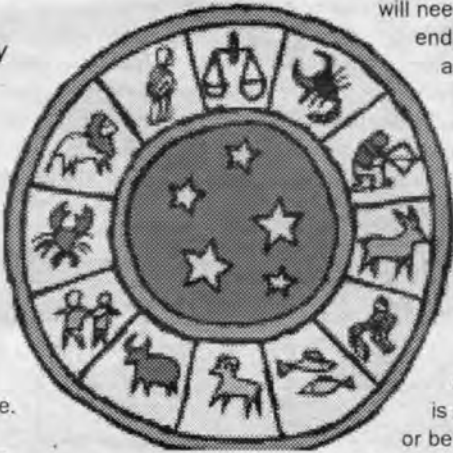
There is a character in your life that you love dearly but often wonder what in God's name they are thinking/talking about. This wonderment is a small step away from becoming frustration with this person's actions and mannerisms. Perhaps you should not worry as much about the particulars of their psyche and remember simply that you enjoy their company and their advice has hardly ever steered you wrong.

Libra: September 22-October 22

Things will get better, I promise.

Scorpio: October 23-November 21

Have you ever made a quilt? If you have, you know the intense planning and work it takes. You should look at your life this month as if it was a quilt: it won't get made (let alone made well) without you taking a proactive and progressive approach to it. I also see a very very fine dining experience in your future.



Staff box.

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Thanks to all who helped out this semester!

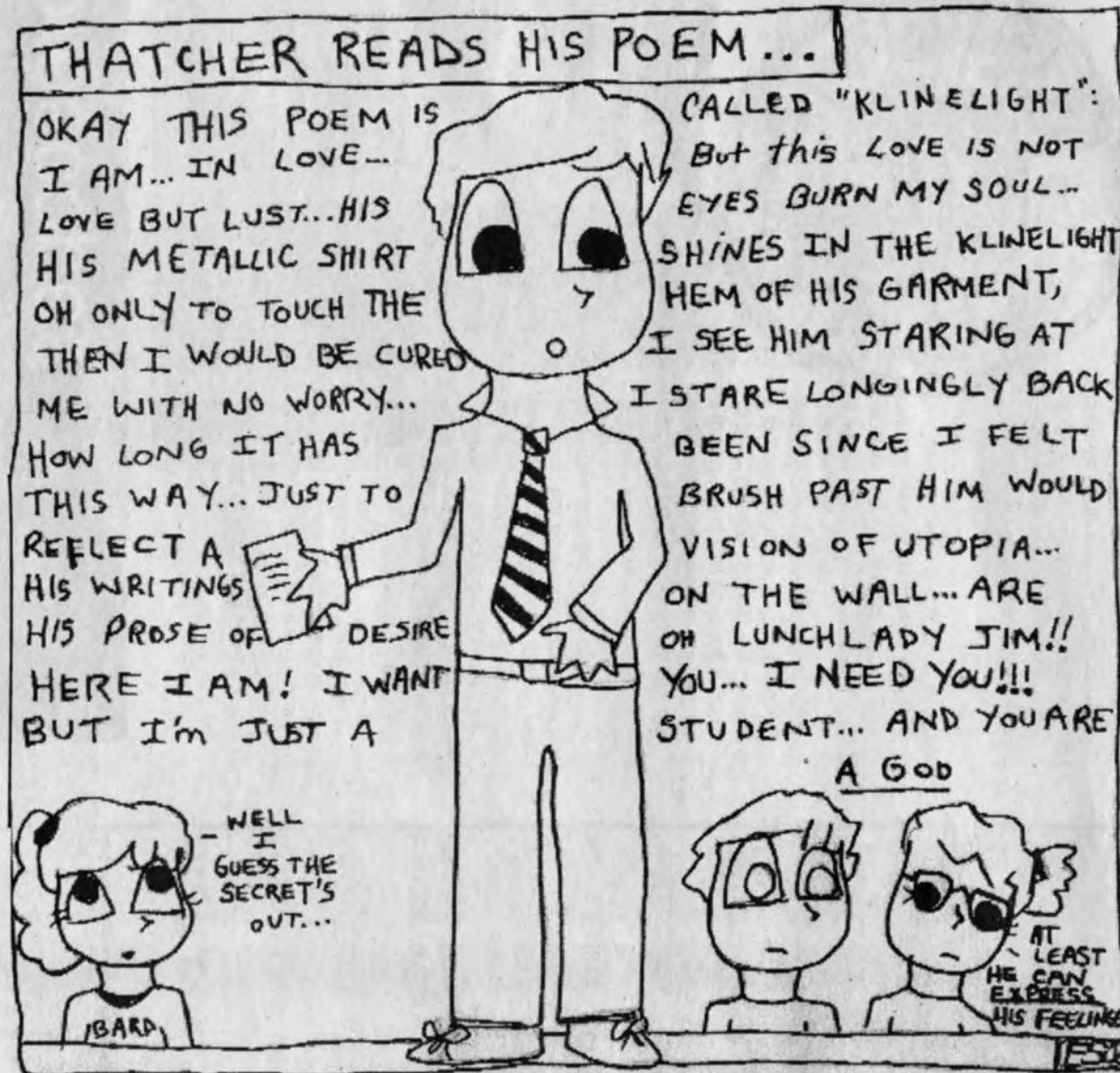
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The Observer is looking for someone to actively restore and update our online archive next semester. Job requires minimal time each week, and there may be \$money\$ for you!

(Yes, we're serious.)

Contact us! x7131

ADVENTURES IN BARDLAND by Emily Sauter



interested in submitting anything to the Observer?
articles, reviews, cartoons, photographs, are all needed.
email observer@bard.edu
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